

PS 8451
L55R4

2112

ALLEN, J.A.

THE RELIGION of the POPE

—AND—

PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY.



A CONTRAST.



When I began this little tractate, it was intended to be simply a panegyric on a brave and earnest man, whose act I was unwilling should be forgotten, and the metre of the first two lines, which was quite fortuitous, determined its continuance on a wider field.

Nor is the employment of verse in a matter like this without PRECEDENT, for, in the early and deadly struggle of Christianity with Paganism, Christians at times had recourse to the employment of verse. And Popery is SUCH A FEARFUL DELUSION AND SO DANGEROUS TO LIBERTY, that no effort, in any direction, to get rid of it ought to be contemned.

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the
year one thousand eight hundred and ninety one, by J. A. Allen,
Kingston, Ontario, in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture.

WHAT IS ORANGEISM ?

Orangeism is an organization binding its members to uphold as their solemn duty the liberties, religious and civil, of every man, and consequently the foe of every system which imperils or impugns our just and inalienable liberties. True, Orangemen are not all wise and good, but neither are the members of our churches or of our parliaments, but they are brave, earnest, warm-hearted men, and, I think I may aver, more alive to the great underlying principles of human freedom than Protestants in general, and more wisely impressed with the necessity of being ever on their guard against the open or subtle machinations of a hierarchical system from which mankind have already suffered so fearfully, and from whose principles always avowed—"semper et ubique eadem"—the peace of the world is endangered. Orangemen are in fact the very vanguard of that lofty Protestantism which recognizes in every true man one entitled to those equal rights which he challenges for himself. He may not be all that we could wish. He may be seduced, he may be misled, he may be tempted by self interest, but in his heart of hearts he feels the pulse-throb of the love of liberty, and is her devoted servant. Equal Rights, indeed! Is not he the true upholder of them—the genuine stock of Equal Righters? Only read that "constitution" which embodies his sentiments, and be informed.

I had some time since been so deeply moved by an account given in one of the New York papers ("The Sun," quoted below,) of the unflinching bravery of one very poor but high-hearted Orangemen amid the jeers and curses and missiles of an infuriated New York mob, that I commenced penning at the time the following rhymed lines to commemorate his great action and to point out the pernicious principles of a system which led to such results.

On the demise of Johnson, the Editor wrote :

"The central and conspicuous figure in the Orange parade was a man in full regalia mounted on a large gray horse. When the procession moved through the streets that were lined with Orange-haters, the horseman's conspicuous position made him the target for opprobrious epithets and, later, for more substantial missiles. Before the march was over stones and brickbats and pistol shots became plentiful; but the man on the gray horse never wavered, though those about him were in momentary expectation of seeing him struck down. Later still, when the disorder culminated in a riot, and the militia fired several death-dealing volleys, the Orange-bedecked horseman sat firm on his saddle, showing a courage that won the admiration of friend and foe alike." His name was John Johnson!!! Now, Orangemen, as I apprehend it, are simply PROTESTANTS, but Protestants who are bound to one another by a solemn obligation to maintain constitutional liberty against that ecclesiastical system which is pledged, when it has the power, to crush it out. Rome bids, but Christ forbids, to pull up the tares. But I do not wish to be regarded as speaking from my own individuality, but only as a self-constituted representative of common Protestantism.

Claims His Citizen's Right.

He sat on his steed at the head of his band,
A few dauntless souls, in that Protestant ? land,
Strong-hearted, unquailing, in orange and blue,
A target for hate to that ignorant crew,
Who flung curses and bricks and whatever lay near,
While, calm as a Sphinx, he, a stranger to fear,
Not to right nor to left, looking death in the face,
Declined by an inch, as with slow, measured pace,
As though on parade at the head of the troop
He guided his charger, nor heard the fierce whoop
Of those frenzied, uncivilized men, who knew not
The first meaning of freedom ; but, wholly mistaught
By the teachers they trust, and, not knowing Christ's word,
Flew direct in the teeth of the law of their Lord.
" Let the tares and the wheat in the field side by side
Till the harvest grow up," when the Lord will decide
Which are tares and which wheat. *This is Christ's own¹ command.*
Then, hurl not the bolt thou, with impious hand,
" Because vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, to repay"—
But not thine, poor blind worm—in the great judgment day.
But let none be too harsh in his judgment of those,
Who through training and ignorance fiercely oppose,
For what their entanglements, God only knows.
But, oh, " Pull not the tares up," in mad self-conceit,
" Lest, in plucking the tares up, you pluck up, too, the wheat."

POL.

But his course here was foolish, provocative e'en.

PRO.

But do they not themselves, too, flash out in their green,
With their ribbons, and banners, and music and all,
And their " host " lifted high, while we go to the wall.
But then they're a privileged caste, and the pet
Of both sides' politicians, and from the Pope get
Plain sanction for this in the unerring decree,
Which enforces Rome's past as of right, while she's free
In her outspoken " syllabus " tongue to aver
That all churches and states must succumb² yet to her,
If not by persuasion, by force then and all
The devices which tyranny has at her call.

For she may not let heresy, when she has power,
 Spread her damnable doctrines, no not for an hour,
 She must " pluck up the tares " nor let their seed fall
 To produce a fresh crop, but grub up one and all.
 This she tells us naively, this our horsemen well knew,
 And so to his riding affords us the clue
 Why he faced that fierce storm, all unknowing his fate,
 And yet rode on so calmly mid curses and hate,
 A flesh and blood protest 'gainst all who would thrust
 Down the throat of his victim the lie that he must
 Galileo-like swallow, the best that he can,
 Or refuse, braving all, and stand up like a man.

POL.

But this horseman was tricked out in orange and blue !

PRO.

What of that, if he paid for his clothes as do you,
 And clothes or no clothes was a true-souled man, too,
 Who was pledged by a vow the most solemn to fight
 With his keen trusty blade in defence of the right,
Of the right, irrespective of caste or of creed,
*Of the freedom of all,*₃ in the hour of their need.
 To those that " he's narrow, intolerant " cry
 And so much besides, let me make this reply ;
 Give a dog a bad name and who spoil for a fight,
 The excuse hail with pleasure to kill him outright,
 So our orangeman too's misconceived and contemned,
 As though he had duly been tried and condemned ;
 But although it's not so, and so little to blame,
 Like the poor friendless dog he has got an ill name.
 Yet his good " CONSTITUTION " sustains him, in spite
 Of this clatter of lies and he trusts that yet right
 Will be done him, when men without prejudice come
 To examine his case as between him and Rome ;
 But should this be refused, he has muscle and bone,
 Of mind as of body, to stand quite alone ;

But the Catholic thinks, yea some Protestants too,
 He but troubles the peace, is a nuisance althrough.

But let those who desire to see men as they are,
 In the white light of truth, not regard them from far,
 But come close to their hearts and their *charter* peruse
 What their feelings, their objects, their fears and their views,
 Reaching over the whole field of life by the light,
 Which each is possessed of, of near or far sight,
 And we scarce can like many who off-hand conclude,
 With a sneer at the whole, as though they were endued

With quintessence of wisdom—believe, in full view
Of all evidence contra, the charge is proved true.

POL.

What nonsense ! The whole's but the cackle of fools,
Who ignore or despise all good common-sense rules.

PRO.

But against these vile rules we are war to the knife
Which by teaching to shun all occasions of strife,
Enable the vile to sail smoothly through life,
After them be the deluge, let these who come next,
In the currents of time, find their own proper text
To direct them in life, their own sails let them trim,
For all that they care we may sink or may swim.

Thus they argue, the creatures whose love for their kind,
Is the measure exact of their own little mind.
But away with such weak-kneed and worldly wise talk,
Unseduced, undeterred let the orangeman walk
In the plain path of duty and shun the whole brood
Of the tricksters of all sides who seldom have stood
Up for aught in the world but their own private good.
But all honor to those who stand foremost to fight,
In the battle of life for the good and the right,
For the free right of *all* men by speech or by ink
In New York or in Rome to proclaim what they think,
And to dress or in orange, or scarlet, or black,
Without terror of violence, thumbscrew or rack,
Or to walk in their streets in the full face of day,
If no wrong they commit or obstruct not the way.

But brave Johnson is gone, his life's battle is o'er,
Still brave deeds die not so, though time knows him no more,
And though poorer is life than if millions untold
Were sunk in the sea of our much-clutched at gold,
When a true man has left us to enter his rest,
Yet who's not enriched by his noble bequest
Of pure ingots of gold of the manhood of man,
Willed that day to mankind, when he rode in the van,
Which no codicil after could ever revoke,
For a deed such as his roots itself, like the oak,
In the depths of the heart and is our's evermore,
Our's to draw from for aye and not lessen the store ;
For, unlike earthly wealth, we may draw as we will,
But draw as we may the whole store is there still.
Though myself an outsider, yet when I behold
Honest manhood at bottom I value the gold
E'en though mixed with the clay, the entail of our birth,

And tarnished and soiled with the passions of earth,

For the act of a man in the noon of the soul,
Struck straight from the heart is a holocaust whole,
And as such "totus, teres, rotundus" can never
Be cancelled, but stands out one noble endeavour
Of the soul in its prime, realizing that hour
In a moment supreme its attainable power,
And although after doings should draggle behind,
Yet such effort supreme tells the tale of what mind,
When wound up to its full can achieve ; so this act
Of brave daring and doing stands ever intact—
His and ours evermore, when humanity needs
A bright beacon and spur to achieve equal deeds.

Now, my critic may grant that our man was a "brick,"
But may deem that I've laid on the paint rather thick,
That our Orangeman knew not the half himself knows
Of philosophy, science—he means, I suppose—
And of life and of books and of manifold things,
And for soarings poetic had very clipped wings—
Just a commonish man scarcely one to attract
The notice of any, apart from this act.
But as yon lump of coal, so dull, cold and inert,
Is yet kin to the diamond, and hath in its heart
Whole stores of high energy, waiting the hour
When action demands the full play of its power.
So our man, a black diamond, looked common enough,
I dare say in a crowd, yet had in him the stuff
Out of which are made heroes. So Cromwell that day,
When Sir Warwick first spied him looked mere vulgar clay,
For, course-featured and clumsily dressed to our trim
Courtier dandy he seemed, while admitting the vim
Of the man by his speech, one to whom just a few
Careless thoughts he might spare ; but wise Hampden who knew
The stormy, volcanic, strong soul of the man,
With a judgment prophetic that fairly cut ran
All forecast historic, replied : Should this thing
Come ever to blows between us and the king,
This man through the force that is in him will stand
The greatest of men in our loved English land.
And it all came out true, for his courage and force
Broke down all opposition, till over the course
He rode all-victorious, and in the dust down
Beneath his strong heel lay both mitre and crown.*

But Sir Philip, long after, his error confessed,

*I merely state the historic fact without comment.

And informs us quite frankly that this man, so ill-dressed,
 With his clothes better made and great deeds at his back,
 Appeared to his courtly good taste with no lack
 Of the presence majestic, but in Westminster Hall
 Stood right royal, the peer of the best of them all,
 A true anax andron from lower degree,
 But a king spite of all by great nature's decree.

By all which we may learn, too, how much the repose
 Of our dear Veres de Vere may be owing to clothes,
 And how a white choker, French boots and black coat,
 And long habit of wearing them, help to promote
 The good blue-blood idea.

But yet to have got
 A spotless escutcheon should not count for nought,
 For the family tree bears, kind after kind,
 Fruit bitter or sweet, and mind follows mind,
 For like genders like, by heredity's laws,
 Which comes but to this, that effect follows cause.
 And so the blue blood—for we cannot efface
 This truth from our minds—so oft wins in life's race.

But still a great soul may inhabit the breast
 Of a man without even a motto or crest,
 Whose honest forefathers of lesser account,
 Perhaps because conscience forbade them to mount
 On the ladder of wrong-to-their-fellows, but sought
 More or less, oft with failure, to act as they ought,
 And so were left low, while others had found
 Their way up the ladder; some, its uppermost round.
 Still 'tis only the trial, hard trial, that can
 Show the stuff we are made of, and so prove the man.

But though no great scholar, my critic, like you,
 Yet our friend was a *specialist*, knew what he knew
 With great clearness of vision; saw things through and through;
 Who though not read too widely, was always at home
 On the terrible issue between him and Rome—
 The issue clear-cut on his banner unfurled,
 Of freedom or serfdom the whole round of the world.
 But lean, ever lean, is Rome's teaching all through,
 As though brains had been given to me and to you,
 Not to think honest thought, but a mere make-believe,
 On the vertebral column, meant but to relieve
 Our aesthetical sense; for a truncated cone
 Promenading our streets would look odd, I must own;
 Yet no harder to faith than that dogma of Trent,
 Upon which a whole world of waste thought has been spent.

A Wafer not a Man.

That a wafer ! which we may examine with care,
Has legs, feet and arms, blood, bones, eyes and hair,
And though all our five senses, and gravity too,
Rise up in revolt 'gainst such magical view,
And pronounce it a plain honest wafer, in spite
Of all that Priest, Bishop or Pope may indite
To evince that it's not so ; and though we are told
To " see " and to " handle "—which are now, as of old,
The criteria the highest—and so put to rout
From the home of the reason the spectres of doubt.

For a miracle's proof the appeal's to some sense,
Say, of sight or of hearing, or handling ; and hence
Is sense the criterion or for or against.

But no proof from the senses of others long since
Should be held so to-day as of force to convince
'Gainst our own cool, deliberate judgment, where each,
Trusty sense by itself and the whole combined teach
The same truth, which no evidence can overthrow
For such evidence would be *sense-evidence* ; so
Could it not upset this, the felt, tasted and seen
By us who are now, not by those who have been,
And whose judgment however considered, of what
They had seen, as they write, could be certainly not
Of weight equal to ours, so clear, vivid, intense,
Sharply outlined and present, each instant to sense.
But no miracle ever *was* wrought to enforce
A belief so absurd, so opposed to the course
Of nature, where reason and sense walk abreast
And each honest enquirer's a much honored guest.
But though with our teeth, horrid thought ! we should chew
Christ's own very " flesh," say, what good could it do,
When "*the flesh profits not*" ; but " the spirit," not it,
" Is the life-giving power," as in scripture 'tis writ.
If " the flesh counts for naught " then why end not the strife,
When " the words that I spake, they are spirit and life,"
Are the words *at the close*, which words if not meant
To sum up and explain ; then pray what their intent.

E'en *after* Christ's blessing the wine, it was wine,
For " I will not henceforth drink this fruit of the vine,"
Till in heaven itself I drink it anew,
(Were the words that he spake) my disciples with you.
Thus after the cup-consecration 'twas wine,
As Christ had declared, *still* " the fruit of the vine."

What ! give his own blood as together they sup,
His own very blood handed round in a cup.

But instead of the bread and the wine which we see
To be bread and wine still, "in remembrance of me,"
A bare wafer they give ; but why not the wine too ?
What ! level the priestcaste with me and with you !
As though the religion of Christ suffered caste
To exist in his church—drawing lines hard and fast
Between people and priest—whereas we are told
That *each Christian's a priest*, of the one common fold
Whose "sacrifice" is not the "Host of the Mass,"
But "of praise" the peculiar of no special class.
But while Democrats here and Republicans there—
Change the name if you will, it don't matter a hair—
Are wrangling so furious about the best fare
For the nation's digestion ; and quacks of all kinds
Have their nostrums of cure-all, and each of them finds
Appropriate audience ; and while they abuse
Or belaud foe or friend, we're in danger to lose
Very liberty's self ; for mob-law rules the roast,
And impugned is our freedom of speech, the proud boast
Of the true Saxon soul, once so toasted and sung
As the prized of all prizes that ever was wrung
From the clutch of the Despot—the high water mark
Of our civilized life.

POL.

But no ravening shark
May devour us at will ; for the hook in his jaw
To restrain his bad will is the power of the law.

PRO.

True ; but law what is it, when of soul there's the lack,
For though law works so well with a *man* at its back,
Yet with men who can't face a great crisis alone,
Yea, with men who dare scarcely their souls call their own—
Men who lean on a priesthood with no better brains
Than their own at the start, and whose teaching ingrains
Grotesque false ideas, through grind, ever grind,
On the reverent, youthful, susceptible mind,
Till this mind is ground down to their ends, and new tracks,
Through which facts become figments, and figments seem facts,
Are cut deep in the mind, clean athwart the old course,
Channelled out through long ages therein by the force
Of the currents of *things*—not the whimsies of thought,
By the priest-minds of all lands so zealously taught,
But by *things*, real things ; and yet things what are they

Or their impress, when fancy's allowed her full sway,
*And denies what we see in the full blaze of *day.*
 So things get all twisted, and colored, and cast
 In a shape hard as steel in the mould of the past,
 But if law, through men's weakness, gets thrust to the wall,
 Then on whom for relief may we trustfully call.

But why punish a man because he can't see
 What yet he *cannot*, is a puzzle to me.
 'Tis 'gainst *this* view dogmatic, intolerant, taught
 By schoolman and Pope, and so thoroughly inwrought
 In their web-and-woof texture—the all present soul
 Which pervades, and infolds and informs the great whole—
 'Tis 'gainst this, in behalf of the great human right
 Of the free honest thinking of all that I write,
 Not so much 'gainst their creed; still I scarce can conceive
 How a cultured, strong-souled, thoughtful man can believe,
 Or of plain vulgar sense, the strange dogmas of Trent,
 But it's not upon this that my thoughts are now bent,
 But on the clear danger that threatens our kind,
 Should Rome, the chief foe of free thought, on the mind
 Try to put on the gags⁶, which our newspaper press
 And week-kneed politicians are fain to confess
 They dare not tear off, scarce more dreading the boat
 Of old Charon himself than the loss of a vote.

Hence, while liberty's trod under foot by fierce mobs
 Who of our whole memberdom feels the big throbs
 Of the heart all indignant, through sense of such wrong?
 More likely the thought that first leaps to the tongue
 Is just this, serve them right: the whole ignorant crew,
 With their Orange confreres have got only their due;
 And, for all that I care, the whole rabble rout
 Are at liberty fullest to fight the thing out,
 I have matters more near, that concern me far more,
 To be shortly discussed on the Parliament floor,
 As, which party shall win in our politics' race,
 And who, Edward or John, shall experience how base
 Are the hearts of the herd who deny *him* first place,
 Shall we hold our head highest, and hold, too, the purse?
 Or shall they win the day? Heaven ward off such curse
 Of our times out of joint, since a curse to the *we*,

* As that a wafer is a man. Indeed, Ignatius Loyola tells us "we ought ever to hold as a settled principle that what I see to be white I should believe to be black, if so defined by the church....just as a corpse which allows itself to be moved and led in every direction"; but Christ on the contrary appeals to the senses as the means of verification. "Handle me and see," for a spirit hath not flesh and bone as ye see me have."

Great nature's aristoi by birthright decree.
 The low-minded rabble—such prizes at stake—
 Do they dream that we'd fight for their cause or their sake,
 When the other-side party, especially, lie
 In sly ambush to see if we raise such a cry
 As the Catholic-Irish, the Ronge or the Blue
 Might scent—spiced or not—and, to give them their due,
 Our writers on both sides, almost to a fault,
 So season their subject with pepper and salt
 And condiments sharp, that the seasoning almost
 Is that which we taste, while the true flavor's lost,
 So that scarce can we tell when we eat of the dish,
 If the thing set before us is flesh, fowl or fish.

There are noble exceptions to this, it is true,
 Men who think their own thoughts and dare speak them out too,
 Yet they who stand up for the right are the few.

Brave, Earnest Men are our Great Want.

Men are willing enough o'er smooth waters to glide,
 To sail with the wind and to row with the tide ;
 But to work 'gainst them both at a time when the sky
 Looks scarce pleasant—we mean when no popular cry
 Is the cry of the hour, but instead, au contraire,
 The subject looks barren, and cold and thread-bare,
 And distasteful enough—an old mummified cry
 Exhumed for their vexing all ghostly and dry ;
 But to the true see-er fresh, sappy and rife,
 With the hot pulsing blood and full currents of life.
 But how many are they who love truth for herself ?
 How many instead, whose one dream is of pelf,
 Or of rising in life, pressing on might and main,
 Taking smallest account of the wounded and slain,
 Asking this of themselves, how and in what degree
 This thing may affect the well-being of *me*,
 And so truckling and cringing and shaping their course,
 By the well-beaten path which their interests enforce
 On their shivering natures, as that on which they
 Their small ends to secure have to travel away.
 What from such can we hope who derisively ask,
 If the freedom of mankind is their special task,
 These things scarce remotely concern them, they think,
 And so all such encroachments on liberty blink,
 When their own to make money or wriggle through life,
 Or to rise in the world, avoiding all strife

Interfering with these, is not touched. But are they
 The persons on whom to rely should a day
 Of reckoning o'ertake us, would these be the men
 To prove heroes or martyrs by sword or by pen ?
 I fear they would, rather than this, bend the knee
 To the foeman of courage and will, and agree
 To whatever conditions, if he would but give
 The poor dastardly slave-soul permission to live.
 But one word let me here say, our vote is a trust,
 Not *ours* but our country's, and therefore we must,
 Upon ethical grounds, before conscience decide
 What is best for the whole, and be turned not aside
 By the voice of self-interest, or suasion, or force
 Of habit ; but may we walk each in the course
 Of stern duty to right, of whom this may be said
 These are men who are neither seduced nor misled.

Oh, that those who profess—in love only I plead—
 Would live up but like men to the beautiful creed
 Of their good " CONSTITUTION " which binds them to show
 On whatever occasion their face to the foe
 Of freedom and right, and be sober and true,
 Or, to state it in brief, to be noble all-through.

But, as Christians too oft, whose high principles claim
 Noble lives as their fruit, by their characters shame
 Their profession of such ; so of Orangemen too,
 Though to liberty's voice so impulsively true,
 Far too many too often forget that they're bound
 To exhibit such traits as are sure to redound
 To their Orangeman-credit, and win the applause
 Of the wise and the true, and so help the good cause
 Of blest freedom, commissioned to go the whole round,
 Of the world without stay, till no slave-soul be found.

As all honor to him who of old, at the head
 Of his brave little band at Thermopylæ led
 His heroes, resolved or to die, or be free
 In their beautiful Greece, nor bend the proud knee
 To that master of slaves. So, all honor we lay
 At his feet who what duty meant showed us that day,
 When the issue involved was *the citizen-right*,
 Freely granted in turn, to walk in full sight
 Undisputed, of all men, *a test question put*
 To our civilization—an axe to the root
 Of our hollow pretences—and answered all round
 With fierce yellings and cursings, loud, long and profound,
 And with missiles shot thick from far and from near,
 Revealing the fact of how thin the veneer,

Or the varnish alone, which coats over and hides
 The coarse native grain which shows through, and derides
 Our much vaunted progress ; for under our skin
 The brute still survives, and so shows us our kin
 To the cruel and murdering savage, who links
 His crimes to his creed, and remorselessly thinks—
 His soul so perverted, so morally blind—
 His Gods to appease by the blood of his kind.

So, our Alvas, Inquisitors, and the whole brood
 Of tyrants and vampires come well by their blood
 From their savage forefathers, selfish, cruel, untaught
 In those principles just, fundamental, inwrought
 In the minds of the wise, as the priors of thought.

'Twas this spirit which urged the disciples, when men
 Rejected their Lord, to "call down" there and then—
 Impatient, intolerant, headlong, untaught—
 "Fire from Heaven" to slay them ; but said Christ, ye know not
 My methods and ends ; I have come here to win
 Souls, enslaved and mistaught, from the thralldom of sin,
 "Not men's lives to destroy." Such "vengeance," of right,
 "Is mine," saith Jehovah, and "I will requite."
 What, call down fire on men, when full oft we know not
 The feeling at bottom that prompts the fierce thought,
 If a spirit imperious that brooks no control
 Has not been the prime mover deep down in the soul,
 But so cunningly hid and disguised that we fail—
 Not too willing, I fear much, to lift off the veil—
 To perceive that base counterfeit zeal for the lord
 'Tis that sways 'gainst the spirit and law of his word.

'Tis against this like spirit of Rome that we stand,
 'Twas against it that day that our brave little band
 In protest stood up—an assertion of right
 And of high-mettled manhood to test it, in sight
 Of the Sun and the foe, as, defiant of fate,
 They marched 'mid that crowd bristling over with hate.
 For war to the knife is declared* 'gainst the right
 Of free institutions and speech—the delight
 Of the noble and free, who must have elbow room,
 And the free air of heaven, not life in a tomb
 Stagnant, walled-in and stifling, but one that exults
 In tracing to adequate cause all results,
 And in joyously grappling in face of the day,
 With all moral problems, not fearing that they
 When praying for guidance will miss the right way.

* "The Catholic Church," writes Cardinal Manning, "cannot cease to preach the doctrine.... of the sovereignty, both spiritual and temporal, of the Holy See."

We must not Condemn Indiscriminately.

But though we write thus, yet with reverent thought
 We think of the sweet, saintly souls, who, though caught
 In these meshes of error, yet lived lives that prove
 On how stinted a fare we may live, if the love
 Of the beautiful good is deep-seated within,
 And with loathing the soul shrinks from contact with sin.
 For though they received the whole creed as a whole,
 And believed they believed, yet no genuine soul
 Ever fed upon husks, 'tis the kernal that lies,
 Though concealed by thick wrappings, that soul-food supplies,
 'Tis thus that the plant for its own proper good,
 Selects from the dust of the desert its food.
 So, too, saintly natures to-day as of old,
 Pick out from the rubbish the grains of pure gold ;
 And though stunted and cramped, and in spirit outside
 The close precincts of Rome ; yet true souls lived and died
 In communion with her. But it's not against such
 We here lift up our voice, but 'gainst those who would clutch
 All power, with this end, to crush out honest thought—
 Not against priests and nuns and laymen mistaught
 And all saintly souls—her St. Bernards of old,
 Guyons, Fenelons, Pascals, who hold what they hold
 Through a weakness quite human, since on the young mind
 Had been pressed every argument reason could find,
 Or fancy imagine, or feeling suggest,
 And this moulding begun when a babe on the breast
 And continued throughout, till the mind gets a set
 Hard as concrete almost. But should doubts chance to fret
 The soul any hour, they are quashed by the voice,

“ Hear the Church.” Yet how Simple its Meaning.

“ Hear the church,” “ hear the church,”—words that leave
 them no choice,
 They conceive, though the senses and reason rebel,
 And the words so ill-quoted a meaning compel
 The clear converse of that they are held to convey,
 For the sense of the words is *as clear as the day*.
 The matter was this, if a Christian should do
 A wrong to his fellow, what course to pursue ?
 Said Christ in *this* case such an one see alone ;
 But if he refuse for his wrong to atone,

Take one or more with you to make the case clear,
 And so win your brother ; but if still he wont hear,
 " Tell the church " there assembled ; but if he still choose
 Not to listen to them e'en ; then must you refuse
 To own him a brother. Since unwilling to bide
 By the law here laid down, you must place him outside
 The visible fold ; and such discipline finds
 The approval of heaven ; *and as such truly binds,*
 And where meet two or three in his name Christ is there
 To sanction their action, or answer their prayer,
 And of such, *few or many*, is the church everywhere*.

Such is the plain meaning of hearing the church,
As expounded by Christ, and we vainly here search
 For a word about hearing the church where the CREED
 Is the question at issue ; though 'tis granted indeed
 " Hear the church " has a jingle that speaks to the ear,
 Though not to the sense, for the thing is sun-clear.
 'Tis a case of WRONG-DOING, the text plainly saith,
 But has naught here to do with the dogmas of *faith*.

The Promise of Christ to be with His Church Conditional.

POP.

But it was the plain promise of Christ to stand by
 His church to the end. May we not then rely
 On his word ? Hence the church, *how could it fall away*
 With his promise thus pledged to uphold it alway,
 Hence that which your grand " Reformation " you call,
 Was a mere Luther-schism—no reform at all.

PRO.

But his promise to be with his church to the end
 Was *conditioned by this* ; that his people attend
 To the duty prescribed, preach *the gospel* to men—
Not some spurious append—but the gospel—and THEN
 Rely on his promise, teach men to obey
 What " He had commanded " ; and to the last day
 Whatever might happen, his love would not fail,
 Nor in heaven or earth aught against it prevail.
 But the words are not absolute ; " do this *and live* "
 Are but the conditional promise they give ;

* Thus, whose sins they forgive are forgiven, and whose
 They retain are retained while Christ's will they refuse.

The Roman Church Declared Liable to Apostatize.

As saith Paul to the Roman, the then church of God,
 " While accepting his goodness, remember the rod.
 " If the natural branches he spared not—the Jew—
 " Take heed in his wratn that he *spare not THEE too*.
 " Thou standest by faith ; if herein you abide,
 " 'Twill be well ; but, if not, GOD WILL THEE, ¹⁶ TOO EXCIDE."
 This surely is plain. Let Rome then not scoff,
 Or maintain that her church never could be cut off.

A Fearful Apostasy of the Church Foretold.

Paul has likewise declared that men would backslide,
 That the time would yet come when they would not abide
 The truth, but to fables would be turned aside.
 But sound doctrine, urged he, and godliness choose,
 And all " Pagan " and " old grannies' fables " refuse.
 But if Protestantism The Apostasy be
 It is strange that her doctrines in no wise agree.

The Marks by which to be Recognised.

With the marks in the scriptures by which to be known,
 But as *characteristics* in every zone,
 They strike as the prominent features of Rome.

Now, if Romans believe that whatever is writ
 In the Bible is true ; then must they admit
 That a *fearful apostasy* from the Christ fold—
 The primitive church—is there clearly foretold,
 And hence of a great " *Reformation* " the need,
 The lapsed to bring back to *the old* Christian creed.
 For even of primitive times we are told
 (What time as she passed on would surely unfold)
 That the mischief *then* working, like leaven in dough,
 Would to a great head of apostasy grow. ¹³
 That apostates would in the hereafter be found
 " Forbidding to marry," as though men were bound
 To lead celibate lives, whereas marriage in all
 Is an honored estate, as made clear by St. Paul.
 Now to look at the case with a clear, candid eye,
 To *what* Church do these marks to-be-known-by apply ?
 And what's Holy Water but a pure Pagan rite
 As we see it it Virgil, crept in in the night

Of religious decay: when, enfeebled in thought,
 Men the masculine teaching of Christ had forgot.
 But the Romanist church if more decent to-day,
 So much owes to Luther, whose broom swept away
 Those shamfullest scandals their chroniclers note
 Of the state of that church in those ages remote,
With religion left out of the programme, while they
 Eternally boast their succession, and play
 Their terrible game with men's bodies and souls,
 As the volume of history amply unrolls.
 In their horrible orgies, their heathenish feasts,
 Religion was left to good laymen and priests,
 And sweet women and nuns, who, separate from
 The base outside thing in spirit, were one
 In their love of the right, while the others had not
 In the true inward Church of the Christ part or lot.
 Paul avers that young women should marry—the home
 Such a discipline is for the virtues, but Rome
 In nunneries shuts them, not thinking at all
 Of the advice given here from the pen of St Paul,
 Who, too, says that Bishops, wed but to "one wife,"
 Should bring up their children to act so in life
 As christians should do. Hence those celibate hosts
 Of priests, monks and nuns, of whom Popery boasts,
 Bishops, Cardinals, Popes—all *forbidden to wed**—
 Are Apostasy's brands in relief on the head
 Of this Popish delusion—a plain outward mark,
 Clear as letters of light on a ground-work of dark,
By which to be known.

Bidding, too, to "*abstain*"
 From the feast spread by nature, our lives to sustain,
 To be gladly accepted each day of the week;
 For in the New Testament vainly we seek
 For fish-bidden Fridays or Wednesdays, although
 Warned well of the consequence surely to flow
 From such *childish* observance of months, times and years—
 Poor "beggarly" rags—a respect which betrays*
 The sick state of the soul, as if fish or flesh food,
 More on this day than that, could produce moral good
 Or evil. As Christ says, not that which goes in
 By the mouth hurts the soul. The one fountain of sin
 Is the heart that's within. Hence no salve that they preach
 Can ever the seat of the malady reach;
 E'en should the church bid it, still must we not do
 The thing we are ordered by Paul to eschew.

* Gal. iv and Gal. vi.

We were bondsmen to forms, days, rites. Now we're free;
 Let us henceforth "stand fast" in our grand "liberty."
 If we keep times and such like we thereby *degrade*
 The religion of Christ. Hence St. Paul was "*afraid*
 He had laboured in vain"; for a straw as it shows
 From what quarter the wind comes, so heresy grows,¹²
 A poisonous Upas from but a mere seed.
 Then turn not aside nor in folly give heed
 To the rattles and tomtoms and toys that engage
 The child's mind, and now the second childhood of age.
 To such state of collapse Christ's religion has sunk
 Withered down to the roots by pope, priest and monk.

For though men may walk straight when the tutelar mind
 Of the teacher to guide them is there, yet we find
 As a fact, when he's gone that the high-table-land
 They so happily trod, while still holding the hand
 That lifted them out of themselves, has an air,
 Unexperienced before, grown so chilly and rare,
 Which their natures grown coarse can scarcely endure;
 And hence, step by step, they descend from the pure
 Healthy air of the heights to the low-lying plain,
 In whose close denser air they are fain to remain.

A Departure from a High Ideal Quite Common.

And this picture historic throughout seems the same,
 Hence the lofty-souled Buddha to-day's but a name—
 His doctrine forgotten, while meaningless rites,
 Praying wheels and prostrations usurp the clear heights
 Of self-purity, love and such virtues of soul
 As link private good to the good on the whole.

In the dark "later* times"—middle ages, we'll say—
 "When men from the truth shall have drifted away,"
 "Dæmon doctrines," we're told by St. Paul, will have sway,
 And they'll "*marriage forbid*" and command to "*abstain*
From meats," as though heaven had made such in vain,
 Whereas 'tis there writ, "every creature of God,
 If with thanks 'tis accepted, is meant for our good."

Now if these be the *marks* which, like stamps on the clothes
 Of our convicts, declare them humanity's foes,

*1 Tim. iv, 1 to 10.

Let us but ask ourselves in *what* church these inhere—
These Apostasy-brands stamped in characters clear.

If you'd win, then, the honour which sound teaching brings
 You will put the church? Paul adds, "in mind of **THESE*** things."

But looks it not strange that wherever you search,
 Such marks are not found in the *Protestant* church.
There is no prohibition of marriage or meats,
 Hence none need be troubled about what he eats,
 Be it flesh, fish or aught; for not that which goes in
 By the lips, as Christ shows, can be possibly sin.
 And as marriage in all is commended by Heaven,
 To laymen and pastors the liberty's given
 To marry or not when they wish, whereas Rome
Forbids marriage to Pope, Bishop, Priest, Monk and Nun—
 Whole hosts almost countless commanded to shun,
 As though plague-infected, this God-given right,
 Yet Rome they obey, while Paul's warning they slight.

But how could the church fall away? Ask St. Paul,
 Who declares that it would, and in spite, too, of all
 The warnings vouchsafed it, yea, that there would be,
 By pre-eminence special, "The Apostasy,"
 The Hee Apostasia fearful, fell, black,
 Charged with pestilent teachings, of which or the rack,¹⁶
 The torturing fire, or what not, we may take
 Our terrible choice; *and all this for Christ's sake.*

How the church lost her freedom was not by one stroke,
 But by little and little she slipped 'neath the yoke;
 "The mystery of evil *doth* work," writes St. Paul,
 In this my own day. But *the great fearful fall*
 From the pure heights of Christ in the future is sure,
 When "they will not," I see it, "sound doctrine endure,"
 But "to fables will turn." But, I warn you, "refuse
 All profane old wives' fables," for else you may lose
 Your way 'mid the jungles of life, and pursue
 A course that leads far from the beautiful true.

But for "fables profane" and "old wives" you may search
 For greater in vain than are those of this church,
 Which should I set down, spite of what pains I took
 To be brief, it would needs be alone a big book.
 Yea, in e'en smallest matters 'twould seem as though they
 Dare with studied affront Christ's commands disobey.
 Give no man the title of "*Father*," says Christ,
 But in Catholic parlance, defiant, each priest

*1 Tim. iv, 6; see in the verses preceeding what *these* things were.

Is, as such, Father Murphy or Phelan, or what
Patronymic by birth he may chance to have got.

But though warned 'gainst "false teachers," the church
scarcely seemed

To remember the warning, but slumbered and dreamed—
Dreams, foolish, grotesque, till things reached such a height
That lion-souled Luther waked up in his might,
Blew his clarion blast, and the nations awoke,
When thousands on thousands threw off the bad yoke,
Which had long galled their shoulders ; while Tetzels bold
To deliver men's souls, blatant, shameless—for gold,
Like any small truck, his indulgences sold.
But Luther fired quick a full-charged, well-aimed bomb,
Which made a wide hole in this gentleman's drum.

Now, as Christ and Paul taught, on the scriptures we're
thrown,

Outside which nothing certain is really known,
Traditional dogmas which stood in the way
Of the teaching of Moses—which Christ in his day
Set aside as misleading—how could such be thought
To equal in value what Christ himself taught,
Then if we would know what he taught, we but need
At first hand * the original documents read,
But in every dogma we shape in our creed,
In every admission of rite there's the need
To consider with care, if such be a shoot,
By proper descent, from the true parent root,
Or a parasite growing from roots of its own,
To the hurt of the plant-life on which it is grown.

The story of Rome is not lovely ' indeed,
A stage upon which too oft passion and greed
Played their terrible parts, where Pope almost vied
With Pope in intolerance, cruelty, pride.
Where, then, was the Church ?

As in Israel of old

"*Seven thousand unknown to the Prophet,*" we're told,

* Stephen, bishop of Rome pleading *tradition* for what St. Cyprian believed to be error, Cyprian replied: "What does he mean by tradition? Does he mean the authority of Christ in the gospels, and of the Apostles in their Epistles? Let *this* tradition be sacred; for, if we return to *this head and original* of divine tradition, human error will cease." . . . But, says he, "custom without truth is only antiquated error."

So too, says St. Augustine, when writing against the Donatists, "let them show me their church, not in the councils of their Bishops . . . but in the preaching of the *Evangelists* and in the canonical authorities of the *sacred books*. This is our foundation, to which we inviolably attach ourselves, reposing only upon the *Scripture* which is come to us from the prophets and Apostles."

But known to Jehovah, had not bowed the knee
 To Baal, when *all* seemed apostate, and he:⁸
 Stood alone as he thought ; but 'twas not so : So here,
 When things all around were so barren and sere
 Through apostasy's breath, saintly souls not a few,
 'Through their love of the morally beautiful, grew
 Into sweet Christian women and men ; and, so, were
The Church, "the seven thousand," scattered everywhere,
 Unacknowledged or not, as it might be, but known
 To him, who thinks not as man thinks, as his own :
 While Apostasy rampant proclaimed herself queen,
 Without rival, alike of the' unseen and the seen.
 The idolatrous hosts with their priesthood that day—
 See St. Paul on this point—had it all their own way,
 But a "remnant" was there, "seven thousand"—a few
 To the Myriads of Israel—who their Lord knew.
 To the great blatant Church with its priesthood and all
 The world in a string 'twas a thing very small :
 But pureness of heart is the great all in all ;
 And of such, pure of heart, was the Church* of that day,
 And of such is the Church composed now and alway.

These, then, were the Church. For throughout the long
 Of darkness and folly and sin, when the grain [reign
 Sown by Christ "in his field was with tares" overgrown,
 Saintly women and men, if to fame little known,
 Pure, gentle at heart, lived lives often to shame
 Many Christians to-day, who feel free to declaim
 At their strangeness of creed : and yet beauty of soul,
 An unspeckled life, and Christ-likeness, the goal
 They proposed to themselves, reminds us we read,
 "By their fruits ye shall know them," and not by their creed.
 Such as these—be their creed what it might—represent
 The true Church in the world ; nor need we invent
 Or search out any other. The Taulers were there,
 Sweet Cecelias and saintly⁹ Elizabeths—rare
 Exemplars of virtue white-robed, mid a state
 So sad for a Catholic pen to relate ;
 Yet Baronius tells us, that in the tenth age
 Of the Church's ill progress (and yet 'tis a page

* As Elijah of old, seeing the wide-spread apostasy of Israel, pleaded to God against them, saying . . . "Lord, I am left ALONE and they seek my life." But no, said God, though you may not know them, "I have reserved to myself 7,000 men who have not bowed the knee to Baal." Even so, writes Paul, "at this time also is a remnant left." So, too, in the great Apostasy of the Roman Church. Rom. XI: 1-5. The 7,000 in Israel were the invisible church in the bosom of the surrounding visible church organizations.

Well worth our consulting) that women most vile,
 In their ungoverned passions, feared not to defile
 "The chair e'en of Peter," but into that seat
 Thrust their vile paramours, and down under their feet
 Laid Rome's proud liars; while of the strange facts
 Of those horrible ages, he tells how the acts
 Of each Pope who preceded were cancelled by him,
 Who as Pontiff succeeded, and just as the whim
 Or passion possessed him. And so passed the ball
 From hand on to hand in the Vatican hall.
 As then those infallibles played their vile game
 Which Baronius writes of with swellings of shame,
 "Christ was in a deep sleep in the ship," he avers,
 While the billows surged wildly; but nothing deters
 In high heaven or earth such fierce ravaging kites,
 Who far more than a century, Gerebrand writes,
 Swooped down on the church, "fifty Popes," a disgrace—
 Nice successors of Peter—to it and the race.
 Apart from the presence of goodness and truth
 Of a dry bones succession what would be the worth?
 What a picture we've here of the church gone astray
 As foretold by St. Paul; what a falling away
 From the primitive church while under the sway
 Of its first christian teachers.

PAP.

It could not fall away.

PRO.

Yet historians in colours the darkest portray¹⁹
 Its horrible state. Why will Romans not read
Their own histories and learn *how deep was the need*
 Of the great Reformation, which Luther at last
 Attempted and made, as his clarion blast
 Drew myriads to him, the brave iconoclast.
 But the falling away referred to above
 Was such in its fearfulness as to *disprove*
 The averment of Rome that the church could not fall;
 For 'tis proved by stern facts, as foretold by St. Paul,
 Who e'en tells us *some marks by which to be known*,
 Which to-day on its face are so palpably shown.
 "Three Popes at one time," and what they of each other
 Spake, was hardly the language of brother towards brother?
 While two Popes *and* two councils, on the Billingsgate level,
 Pronounced each the other the church of the Devil.

In the century prior to Luther, had not
 The Lord Cardinal of Florence declared they had got
 So deep in the mire of corruption, that naught
 But the wholesale reform of the church, as he saith,
 "Of the *head* and the members, in *morals and faith*,"
 Will suffice, hence "this council must not be dissolved"
 Till this be affected, so much in't was involved.

And had not the "*Grey Friars*," in the age of that forerun
 The council of Pisa—so we read in Du Pin—
 Preached publicly this, that the pope was the sure
 "*Forerunner of Anti-Christ*," men to allure
 From Christ to the Devil; while in Petrarch we see
 The words of a poet contemporary,
 "*Rome, Hell of the living, church of heresy*"
 In fifteen hundred and twelve, alas, such
 Said the *pope* is the state of the Catholic Church
 That "it must be reformed." How it needed it see,
 At the Lateran Council, what was spoke by Begni.

But though by historians much, much is confessed,
 Yet when, five years after, our Luther impressed
 With this need of reform, but, dallying not,
 Fired into the camp of the foe his hot shot,
 Which rang through all Europe, it startled them all
 From ultima Thule to the Vatican Hall,
 Causing such indignation, that he, a poor priest
 Should attempt to do this. What! He mean to resist
 The power of the church! Bah! He's gone in the head
 By some sickness of brain, or some demon misled.

But, spite of the church and the Empire, entrenched
 Behind his loved wall of *the scriptures*, he wrenched
 From the pope half of Europe, and in spite of the storm
 Of war long and fierce which raged round him, poor worm,
 And threatened his life, the great cause of reform
 Won its way in the world—when laying his head
 On his pillow at last, he died in his own bed.

Think me not as a lawyer just holding a brief,
 When warning against the foolhardy belief,
 That our liberty's fixed on a basis so sure
 That we have but to drift, feeling wholly secure
 Against all reactions and follies and ^{so} all
 The sophistries ringing from altar and stall,
 In which men low and high get entangled, nor can,
 Lacking insight, escape; for the eye of the man
 Is the gift not of college but nature, and hence
 A fool may all ologies know, yet fool-sense

Be fool-sense to the end. As with men color-blind
 No teaching can show the red ray to the mind.
 So although men may prove themselves full of resource
 And able to reason with clearness and force,
 When their *data* you grant them ; yet, lacking the sense
 For selecting their data, they're at an immense
 Disadvantage thereby, though themselves may not know
 Their lack of the sense, or what sorrows may flow
 From such guidance as theirs to those, who depend
 On them to arrive without hurt at the end
 Of their journey of life. For although there's no lack
 Of logic *forensic* with learning to back,
 And of eloquent words for attack or defence,
 Yet one ounce of clear insight and plain common sense
 Is more worth than a ton of their nebulous thought,
 By the schoolmen of old, and our Newmans now taught —
 Mere cobweby thought ; for in spite of their clatter
 They've never got down to the root of the matter.

See how Christ from the heart tore the wretched disguise —
 A subtl^y wrought texture of cunning and lies —
 When the Doctors of Law, sly and hard to the core
 Of their being, and stuffed with *traditional* lore,²¹
 Neutralizing, obscuring, distorting thereby
 The plain, simple command, changing it to a lie,
 Their souls so materialized, formal, and full
 Of concern for the outward, so sottishly dull,
 That they fail to perceive — was this, since so inclined ? —
 That the essence of things is the thought in the mind.

And when Christ's disciples soul-dull gathered not
 The meaning of that which just then he had taught,
 See how with a flash of the soul he lights up
 The dark subject to them. 'Tis not cleansing the cup
 Or the platter or hands that avails. 'Tis the heart
 The sole fountain of wrong, out of which ever start
 Evil thoughts, prompting murder, false witness and sin
 Of protean shape, coming all from within.
 'Tis the heart must be cleansed. But only what's kin
 To mind can the mind touch and win us from sin.
 Not fish upon Fridays, nor passport at death,
 Nor oil "in extremis," bestowed when the breath
 Is just leaving the body — not all of them can
 Touch the quick of our being, the soul of the man.

Then our fish fasts, hair shirts, tortured flesh, to what end,
 Holy water or crossings ? Is this to ascend
 To the heights to which Christ sought to lift human thought,

Or to drop to the cult of the Fakir ²² distraught.

But in vain do they draw round the church a priest-fence,
 When *each Christian's a priest* ²⁵ in the true inward sense,
 Aaronic in office, to offer always
The sacrifice due of well-doing and praise,*
 And vainly we search in the scripture to find
 ONE INSTANCE in which any dared to unbind
 Or bind for a man, in the life past the grave,
 His sins—to remit or retain them—to save
 Or to damn by his word, be he true man or knave,
 For such is the doctrine by which they deprave
 The teaching of Paul, and men's souls so enslave.
 And how unlike this is what's taught by St. Paul
 And by the Apostles of Christ, one and all,
 That "each of himself shall account give to God,
 Of the deeds done on earth, be they evil or good,"
 And receive the award, while each standing alone
 No favour for saint's sake or Pontiff's is shown,
 For 'tis God's, only God's, to condemn or condone.
 But do they more hope from Priest, Peter, or Paul
 Than from the great merciful father of all?

But the thing is too monstrous—so contrary to
 The soul that pervades and the practice all through
 "The Acts" and "Epistles" disclaiming such view.
 The soul of the *teaching* of Christ and of all
 The Apostles; the *practice* of Peter and Paul,
 So antipodal to the "absolve thee" of Rome
 Flout this dogma—to Peter and Paul then unknown—
 Incongruous concepts that contraryways tend,
 Like water and oil aye refusing to blend—
 The whole volume of thought flowing steadily on
 In one channel—*of faith and repentance alone*—
 The one doorway through which entered Peter and Paul
 Themselves, and now equally open to all.
 But men's sins to remit, *save declaratively*
 To just lay down *the terms on which sins may be*
 Remitted—by faith and repentance, that so
 Men with renewed minds and true faith may 'scape woe—
 The twin-sister of sin—would be to, per force,
 The idea of God from the reason divorce.
 But their *preaching* and *practice* show what they conceived
 Was the thing they should preach, and, so, what they believed.
 But the thing is a whole misconception althrough,

*1 Peter II, 5, 9, and Hebrew XIII, 15.

As though aiming perversely the truth to eschew,
 If the preaching and practice of those who should know —
 The Apostles of Jesus—can anything show.

Thus, when Peter unlocked to the *Gentiles* the door
 Of faith, making known the free, plenary store
 Of forgiveness in Christ, what did he proclaim
 As the doctrine of faith, but this, through Christ's name,
 "Whosoever *believeth* in him shall receive
 "Forgiveness of sins"—this the gospel reprieve.

This, then, is *the key*²³; this, the loosing of sin;
 Thus Peter forgives men by letting them in
 To the fold; "through Christ's name all believing in him
 Shall his sins have forgiven." In this Peter shows
 How²⁴ men may obtain for their conscience repose.

Can any one tell me the thing that is meant
 By "the Church built on Peter?" What is the content
 Of the phrase, for I know not its burden of thought,
 Though its clear, honest meaning I've honestly sought.
 It simply means nothing—a jingle of words
 Which appeals to the ear but to judgment affords
 No picture at all of the core of the thought,
 A ghost of Creusa that cannot be caught.

But since writing the above, it occurs to me, what,
 If some the old notion of *Dæmons* have got,
 'Mongst whom Peter as Janitor, holding the keys,
 Unlocks Heaven to all who the priesthood here please.

So says Plato, a *Pagan*, "good men, when they die,"
 In the kingdom unseen "reach the dignity high"
 (Note how like the old *Pagan* this new *Popish* way)
 "Of *Dæmons*—our canonized saints—who convey

*On the day of Pentecost Peter (Acts II.) had unlocked the kingdom of heaven to THE JEWS; and in the x of Acts to the GENTILES. Thus it was that HE used "the keys." In what way he unlocked to the latter the benefits of the christian dispensation you may read Acts x, especially from the 35th to 43rd verse.

Here Peter's mode of procedure for the remission of sins is made known to us; "through Christ's name," says he, "every one that believeth in him shall receive remission of sins." "Testifying," says St. Paul, "both to Jews and Greeks repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ." Acts xx: 21. Christ told his disciples (Luke xxiv: 47) that "repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name to all nations." "Sirs," said the jailer to Paul and Silas, "what must I do to be saved. And they said, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." "Repent ye, therefore," says Peter, "and turn again, that your sins may be blotted out," and so throughout. Such were the conditions of salvation preached by Peter and Paul; but not one word is anywhere spoken of priestly absolution as entitling to heaven—no such words ever used as 'I absolve you.' Such an idea was wholly foreign to the minds of the New Testament writers.

" From men to the Gods and from them back to men
 " The prayers of the one, and the blessings that then
 " Flow again back through these." So, too, of our hosts
 Of earth-derived demonized go-between ghosts.

Yet of Christians Paul says, "there is one God and one
 Mediator between them, Christ Jesus" alone—
Just as many of each—one God and one Lord,
 With which Holy Writ's all in fullest accord ;
 Not a rabble of Gods high, low, yea so small,
 That 'tis hardly worth naming them Godships at all,
 E'en the Dii Majores, yea Zeus the sublime
 And his co-partner brothers their birth had in time.
 Once they were not, then were, and were, so, Dæmons too,
 Who in our small sun-circling planet once grew.

But now the blest Mary (yea, and Peter and Paul,)
 Gets a worship that's due to the Father* of all.
 " Les autels de l'Eglise de Lourdes sont les tous
 Dédies," were informed, " à la bonne mère de Dieu."
 A hysterical peasant girl, wholly untaught,
 Through thinking on Mary with feelings o'erwrought,
 Sees and hears sights and sounds in the vacuous air,
 While " those who are with her see or hear nothing there."

" The immaculate conception of Mary," the Queen
 Of Heaven, by Pope Pius not long since had been
 Decreed, to the joy of the young pious girl
 Ecstatic for Mary, dear Mary, the Pearl
 Of Heaven, the star that outshines all the rest,
 The sweet mother-heart that takes every request
 To the son whom she nursed upon earth and caressed,
 And on his soft baby-mouth lovingly pressed
 Her pure virgin lips, as with eyes of a dove
 She hung o'er her child with the yearnings of love.

" Dear Lady, sweet Lady, would I might behold
 " Thee clad in white raiment with rubies and gold
 " And a crown on thy head ! "

" But, oh, what do I see ?
 " 'Tis the virgin herself ! What ! Appearing to me !
 " And how sweet is that voice ! Oh yes, I obey !
 " And will what thou commandest, to others convey.

*St. Polycarp (2nd century) writes thus: " We love the martyrs, but we worship the Son of God. It is impossible for us to worship *any other*." No Mary worship for him or for the early church. It was not then invented. But Gregory XVI in his Encyclical, in his prayer for prosperity, pronounces the "Virgin Mary the greatest hope, yea, the entire ground of our hope"; and Pius IX, in the decree of December, 1854, urges " all Catholics to invoke and pray to the most blessed Virgin Mary, mother of God." *Quantum mutatus.*

"Oh Worshipful Mary, that thou should'st choose me,
"So am I for ever thy true devotee."

And so clear was it all that if ever a doubt
Was thrust in on her soul, it was soon put to rout.

Yes, she simply declared what the brain-eye beheld,
For the vision internal (externalized) held
The soul in its thrall. Hence the tenuous air
To others, to her was this vision so fair.

'Tis a thing oft results from disease of the brain,
But which happens, too, sometimes to minds wholly sane,

Or "she fibs" (*this the Nuns said, while Priests said the same*);
"Or she's touched in the head"; the whole thing looked so lame.

But with miracles soon—faith cures have their day—
And if people get cured what can any one say.

Hence the Nuns, who had said 'twas a craze or a lie,
Now believe it a miracle sent from on high,
And, mid the hot zeal of their fellows, get whirled
Along by the full rushing tides of their world.
'Tis the Virgin that does all, they cry; for our need
Are these miracles wrought.

But, then, people whose creed
Is *the opposite wholly* here likewise succeed.
Are these miracles better attested than those
Where the bones of the *Jansenist* Abbe repose,
Abbe Paris; yet by *Ultramontanes* denied,
Since the *Jansenist* with their own dogmas collide;
For how could they harbour such thought in their breast,
As that God could so honour a *Gallican* Priest.

Some *Protestants* likewise are fain to declare,
That they effect cures as their answer to prayer.
But physicians inform us that those who conceive
Themselves paralyzed so that they cannot believe
That their legs they could move, have been ordered to rise
And walk, which they've done to their own great surprise.
Such the potency of mind over body that they,
By the voice of authority startled, obey.
Faith-cures are true cures the world over, but *why*
Not renew a lost limb or restore a lost eye?

Why confine them to cases *equivocal*, where
Pure psychical laws may suffice for repair?
And seek they a cause supernatural, when
Cures have been so effected again and again.

But we're strangely built creatures. In a case we deem true.
And, so, would persuade men, we, pour l'amour de Dieu,
Oft exaggerate, colour, half-lie, or still worse,

Yet in some way the cause helps to break the remorse.
 Subconsciously, consciously, somehow, we find
 Such thinkings as these having place in the mind.

Were she now to declare the whole thing was a sham,
 (Supposing she thought it) she must herself damn
 In public opinion, to find, to her cost,
 That the ruin dealt others on her own head fell most.
 For they'd curse and maltreat her and call her a cheat,
 Who brought heretic scorn on them and their sweet
 Blessed Mary of Lourdes, Queen of Heaven, the high
 Holy "Mother of God," by her terrible lie.

Hence, the thing must its course take, 'twill raise Mary's
 And, whatever myself be, 'twill add to her fame, [name!
 And the Priest will forgive when his pardon I claim.

A certain course taken, a fib once proclaimed,
 If we're not over-honest, has to be maintained;
 Then the pious fraud feeling—Mary's honor at stake—
 And who would not a fib tell for dear Mary's sake?

And how could she go back, and, so, face the shame,
 Whereas she has now a high place and great fame,
 And now that with such blest effect the thing's done,
 She may only proceed in the course she'd begun.
 Then, this village has grown to a wonderful place,
 Since the pilgrims crowd in at a cantering pace,
 And the townsmen well know that to make two ends meet,
 Or lead prosperous lives—and prosperity's sweet—
 This thing must live on, for were it to break down
 What then would become of this much favoured town?

But this girl may have been very purity's queen,
 But have had the delusion—such cases have been—
Of seeing what nobody with her had seen,
 And of hearing as well; for this, too, is averred,
 Of hearing what nobody with her had heard.
 Poor ignorant maiden, who lacked the soul-force
 The thing from the thought in the mind to divorce.
 Now 'tis owing to waves of the air that we hear,
 And to waves in the ether, we see; and 'tis sheer
 Against all experience, that, to her sole ear,
 The air undulations, that circling break
 On ears all around, in her sole case should take
 A waveless straight line, and in *her* brain awake
 The sensations of sight and of sound; yet no wave
 Strike any one with her, deaf and blind as the grave.
 But the senses *internal* were what saw and heard,
 Unless falsely she stated what had not occurred.

But Mary is now the great Goddess of Lourdes,
And "mother of God," and her worship assured.

Now though "blessed" was she who to Jesus gave birth,
So the scriptures declare; yet *such ties of the earth*,
What are *they*? What their value, when the soul's *proper worth*
Is the matter at issue? Christ showed this, when *one*
Cried out in the crowd, "blessed she who hath won
Such favour of Heaven, as to bear thee and give
Her breast to thy lips."

But "those who believe
God's words and observe them," said Christ, "rather, they
Are blessed children of God; for all who obey
The will of my father are my brethren all."
"Who," said Christ, "Is my mother?" When this we recall,
How strangely discordant with that said before—
"The mother of God," whom all Romans adore.
Yea, "Who is my mother?" "My mother is she
Who obeys my commands whosoever she be."*

For the human affection blind, clinging, that binds
The child to the parent, in Christ never blinds
The soul in its higher conditions of love
Of the beautiful good, which so rises above
Mere earthly affection. That beauty of soul,
The sinking of self in the good of the whole,
Is the pole-star that guides him; and hence the purged eye
Fails not in its judgment of life to descry
The one measure of right *without favor*. Hence "he
Who my father's will does is a mother to me."

Which holds, then, the orthodox doctrine? He who
Accepts the *old* faith, or the *new* Romish view,
This doctrine of Mary, whose ægis they boast,
This "Mother of God" with the demigod host
Of saint mediators—the old Pagan creed
In which the poor, weak creature-heart in its need
Falls back on its Dæmons: As Plato maintains
"That the good man, life ended, high honour attains
"Becoming a Dæmon, a demigod saint,
"A go-between medium the Gods to acquaint
"With men's supplications, and the answer return
"To men, that the will of the Gods they may learn."

This the doctrine of *Dæmons*, this *Paganized* creed
Of the church plunged in darkness, refusing to heed
The plain teaching of Paul. What! Could he but behold

*Matthew XII, 47, 50.

This Church half-recast in the old Pagan mould !
 How would he not wonder and *weep* at the sight
 Of his morning of hope changed to sorrowful night.
 ' Can this be the church which Christ founded, which I
 ' Sought to pilot in life, but now stranded and dry,
 ' Her timbers all gaping, her sails all in rags,
 ' While, most painful, all round are heard shamfullest brags
 ' Of her great sailing powers and her future career,
 ' How through quicksands and rocks her bold captain can steer,
 ' But though skilful her captain and steady her crew,
 ' With her crazy old hull what can seamanship do ?'

But oh, 'tis the creed putting gags on the mind
 Which the souls of free men so unbearable find,
 Which tells us all faith but the Pope's is a sham,
And that when he has power, as of old, he will cram
Down our throats his strange creed by a method not new,
 A method which famous Inquisitors knew,²⁴
 But, alas, from the ingrates who terrified shook,
 They got but scant thanks for the pains which they took.

But they were *cocksure** they infallibly knew
 The full council of God, while this heretic crew
 Must be bent to the faith. Hence they must use the birch,
 And, if *that* fails, the stake,²⁵ in behalf of the church ;
 They must " pull up the tares," ere they scatter their seed,
 From the garden of God root out every weed.
 Thus the rack and the stake take the place of the force
 Of moral persuasion and reason—the course
 Which Christ had pursued.

" To his own Lord," says Paul,
 (Not to weak human judgment) " we stand or we fall."

Now my quarrel with Popery chiefly is this,
 Not with the religion, for each should choose his,

*Cardinal Sanseverina described the terrible night of St. Bartholemew, in which the Protestants of France were murdered wholesale, as "*a splendid night for Christ*." Visari's pictures of the St. Bartholemew on the walls of the Vatican are an illustration of the pronunciamiento of the late Pope's "Syllabus" that "religious toleration is a damnable error."

And when, as Mr. Gladstone writes, the Pope's Syllabus and Encyclicals refuse us "in fearfully energetic epithets," "liberty of speech," "of conscience," "of worship," and use such frightful denunciations against all those who say that the church may not employ FORCE, I fear for the future.

I once asked a very able man, on good terms with Catholics, how the world, in this deadlock of things, was to be delivered. His reply was, I can see my way out of it only in the hope that in the general diffusion of an enlightened public opinion, the Catholic may gradually become emancipated from these antisocial and slavish doctrines, and, so, insensibly melt into the citizen. I do not say that they were his very words, but in substance they were so.

As his judgment directs ; but that my equal right
 To choose mine is refused, as though black could look white
 By an effort of will ; and therefore that I
 Must take as a truth what *to me is a lie*,
 And in my new faith *my first step be to break*
With conscience ; and manhood and freedom forsake.
 If not, to be punished, yea even with death,
 For frankly declaring the soul's honest faith,
 Which justly no one to believe is compelled,*
 But only when by the soul's self truly held.

But yet, spite of this, Rome was doing such deeds
 As are the bad fruits of men's horrible creeds.
 But now with clipped wings she sits brooding and dreams
 Of a good time to come, which the present redeems,
 But which means no good time to me and to you,
 And which, if not true to ourselves, may come true,
 For of these things Rome takes such a *practical* view.
 For though all speculation in one special mood,
 Yet, unlike Kant's or Spencer's, her's ends oft in blood.
 For while their's we may take or reject as the weight
 Falls to this side or that, yet no horrible fate
 Awaits the decision, which, though right or wrong,
 May be honestly reached by the mind, weak or strong.
 But to her, she avers, all decisions belong.
 And woe to those who (for she claims to this hour
 All the claims of the past), should she yet gain the power
 Of "*vis inferenda*," that argument old
 Which simplifies things so ; for who can behold,
 In fancy, the rack or the slow-creeping flame
 Without tremblingly feeling how feeble and lame
 Is this poor human will oft, although for truth's sake,
 Or what seems to them such, men will face e'en the stake.

* In the famous Encyclicals and syllabus of the late Pope all are condemned "who hold that the Roman Pontiffs (in the past) and Æcumenical Councils exceeded the limits of their power when they put kingdoms under interdicts and deposed kings."

Again, writes Mr. Gladstone, "the Vatican Decrees do, in the strictest sense, establish for the Pope a supreme command over *loyalty and civil duty*." And things may be coming to this, that "in a moiety of the whole Christian family nothing shall remain but an *Asian Monarchy*—nothing but one giddy height of despotism and one dead level of religious subserviency."

Again, Rome sets up "*a rival law against the state in the State's own domain*."
 "Pius IX. declared null and void absolutely all the Acts of the Government of Predmont."—Gladstone.

But say they "*Thou art Peter*,"* etc., and this
 All argument closes, for *thus* the *Pope* is
 The arbiter sole of the creed of mankind,
 Which is hence best accepted by going it blind,
 Not asking what Christ meant, but taking the word
 Of another therefor, as the voice of their Lord.
 Thee Peter, *inspired* one, said Christ, I endue
 With the power to proclaim to both Gentile and Jew
 The Kingdom of Heaven when opened to all,
 Who, through *faith in true penitence*, on my name call.
 Thee too, by my spirit inspired, I entrust
 With the making *those rules for men's guidance*, which must
 Bind on earth, since the sanction of Heaven they've gained,
 And annexed the *conditions* by which 'tis ordained,
That sins be remitted, or, refused, be retained.
 Thou art Petros, a stone, and on this Petra,
 This "rock" of the faith, *thy avowal*, I lay
 My Church's foundation, nor shall Hades hold,
 But the grave shall surrender in numbers untold,
 My saints, when the cold brazen gates I unbar
 And summon my loved ones from near and from far.

But, say, Peter the rock was, because so possessed
 Of the soul of this doctrine he just had confessed,
Insouled in his soul, as the great basal fact
 Underlying all else, to be held aye intact—
 The foundation in him *so embodied* that what
 He taught was a part of himself—*Christ inwrought*—
 And which he proclaimed—this rock-doctrine so new
 To the poor outcast Gentile no less than the Jew.
 But, if this be the case, can any one say
 Why Christ changed the word—from "Petros" to "Petra."†
 To Petra, a feminine noun with so clear²⁶
 A meaning of rock; as therein doth appear,

* "*Thou art Peter*," therefore a man that is *not* Peter, a man that lives a thousand years after, be he a good or an utterly depraved man, shall have authority to lay down the laws for the guidance of this world and for man's destiny in the next, and to enforce them with "armed forces." And all this, though *not one word* is uttered (although in a matter of such transcendent importance we were surely entitled to expect it) to show that the power, whatever it was, which was bestowed upon Peter, was to be a *perpetual heirloom* of every future bishop of Rome, be he a good or a bad man, formally elected or thrust into his chair by vile women and wicked men, and though *Rome* in the whole matter is simply ignored. Why, for all this there is not a single scrap of evidence. It is pure whole-cloth assumption—a mighty pyramid on its apex—the veriest dream of theological castle-builders!

† "*Petros* a piece of a rock, a stone, and thus distinguished from *Petra*. There is no example in a good author of *Petra* in the signification of *Petros* for a single stone." So write our able lexicographers Liddell and Scott.

Where the man that was wise built his house on a rock,
 Not on Petros, but *Petra*, which withstood all the shock
 Of the winds and the floods, because built on a rock—
 The *Petra*, the sublying *rock-bed* alone
 On which we may build, not on Petros, a stone.

But could Petros be *Petra*, 'twould be not in a sense
 That any comparison makes an offence

To Christ, when, by contrast, it is that we see
 The difference infinite—one of kind, not degree—

The one built *upon* ; and the one *on it* built,
 The one guilty : the one the remover of guilt.

*Still, say, Peter the rock was, how that can affect
 The question at issue I cannot detect.*

For the Pope is not Peter, long turned into earth,
 And no word of successors of *such* kind by birth,

Or of such successions of Rocks yet to be
 Is *recorded* of any Christ-sanctioned trustee.

Yet where powers *so tremendous* are claimed, the proofs there
 Should be *clear as the daylight* respecting the heir

To this fearful claimed power of the priest to remit,
 To bind or to loose, as to him it seems fit,

To the debtor his sin ; yet the records, alas,
 No word of such heir have, and that soul must be crass,

Which sees not *the blank chasm* of the ages, with naught
 But negation and trifling and sophistry fraught,

With vain efforts to bridge which men have worn out their lives
 But the chasm is *too deep and too wide*, and the gyves

Of necessity stay them ; for Peter is not

The Rock, but " a stone " in the building inwrought ;

The *Petra*-foundation sub-basal of all,

For "*no other foundation*" than this, as St. Paul

Has so strongly affirmed, can ever be laid,

Though, in a changed sense, they who first obeyed .

The mission of Jesus may truly be said

To be, too, the foundation—the first converts made—

The first stones in a building-to-bear-the-whole-shock

Of the storms of all time, and hence built on a rock.

If the Pope Universal Priest-sovereignty claims

He thereby, by another Pope's dictum, proclaims

Himself the forerunner of *Antichrist*. So

The Great Gregory scoffs at the claims of Leo.*

*Pope Gregory the Great, writes thus : " I say that whoever calls himself *Universal Priest*, or desires to be called so in his pride, foreruns *AntiChrist*." The early fathers of the Church—Origen, Augustine, Jerome, &c., even when commenting on " Thou art Peter," say not a word about the Pope's supremacy.

But to Peter the honor especial was given
 To open to all men the Kingdom of Heaven,
 To the *Jew* and the *Gentile*. *Accordingly he
 Was the *first* to declare salvation the free
 Gift of Heaven to all, on "repentance and faith,"
 By which to escape the due wage—sin and death.

Such The Rock and remission ! but who wholly sane,
 Fully seized of the case, could the thought entertain
 Of sins pardoned by man, unconditioned by what
Is the state of the soul, if repentant or not.
 But if he's repentant ; that is, toward sin
 And God and his fellows a changed man within
 To the core of his being ; and, so, pardoned receives
 The poor prodigal's welcome by him who relieves
 The soul of its burden of sin ; for his child
 Once "lost is now found," and since thus reconciled,
 Is secure in the fold, through the chastening rod
 Of the all-merciful sire—but if pardoned by God,
 What the need of the priest, for how can it *add*
 To the mercy already vouchsafed him by God.
 Though to pardon the pardoned is scarce a great feat ;
 To pardon the unpardoned is simply a cheat ;
 If not in intention, at least so in fact,
 For it leaves thus the soul of the sinner intact.

But why, if a Priest possess power to remit
 Men's sins, do we nowhere throughout Holy Writ
 Find "Confessionals" set up here, there, everywhere
 Where men might be "shrived," but we find them nowhere.
 It is true we are told each to each to confess
 The wrongs we have done, no more making them less,
 Than denying them wholly, but, Christianly strong,
 Acknowledging frankly where we have *done* wrong.
 Thus half-truths ill-conceived may change to whole lies
 By a dexterous twist, and unless we surprise
 The false logic that lurks in the tangles of speech,
 We may the plain meaning fail wholly to reach.

Or Christ may refer to those scandals in which
 With a view to the purity of his loved church,
 The impenitent soul must be shut out from grace,
 But pardoned again, when resolved to retrace
 His steps and return, and so the church here,
 To Christ's plain command lending reverent ear,
 Shuts him out or forgives ; but 'tis in a case
 Of *plain wrong unrepented* excluding from grace ;

*The Jew and the Gentile constituting the whole world.

But whom when repentant the church must forgive,
And into the fold their strayed brother receive.

Thus, whose sins ye remit, are remitted if he*

Whose sins ye remit *a true penitant* be :

But repentance involves the surrender, a whole
Submission, to God of the penitant soul.

But the sense of the whole is as clear as the day

And no soul that is honest can miss the sure way.

Though dark spots on his face by our lenses we find,

Yet the sun with his brightness illumines mankind.

But men's sins to *retain* is a thought which who can
Entertain, who has aught like the soul of a man.

But if anyone ever possessed such a power—

Inconceivable though—there's no proof of such dower—

No shadow of proof—fixed by Heaven to be

A perpetual kind of priest-property.

So tremendous a power ! And yet not a word

Or hint of transmission looks too wildly absurd.

To the Priests too a dower, when vainly we search

For a priest-class *apart† from the whole* Christian church.

But if priests can forgive sins ; then if we recall

What Peter has said, *Christians* can one and all,

As Christ's priests, forgive sins ; and far better so

Than the doctrine of Trent, that a priest, himself though

"In mortal sin," may this great blessing bestow.

Still from the great *"priesthood"* good men understood

To be with some faculties special endued

To rule and to teach, are selected ; while they,

From whom they're selected are bound to obey.

But a spirit fault-finding, contentious is not

A spirit becoming a Christian, begot

In the likeness of Christ. Nor may those in command

Of the soldiers of Christ rule their charge with high hand.

But teachers and taught should in harmony act,

And try, so, the great world outside to attract.

*Hermas, an esteemed writer of the 2nd century, and a brother of the Bishop of Rome, writes, "who was able to forgive sins ? This is His [God's] alone prerogative ; for who remits sin *but God only.*" Can any point to a *single instance* in the writings of Christians of the first or second centuries of any one claiming the Popish asserted right to forgive sins. I know not of any.

†St. Peter, in his epistle to many churches scattered throughout the east, writes thus ; "Ye are a holy *priesthood*," and again, "Ye are a royal *priesthood*." (1 Pet. II : 5, 9). And, as being priests, they offer up *sacrifices*—the sacrifices of "praise" and "well-doing." (Heb. XIII : 15, 16 ; 1 Pet. II : 5). And, apart from these, there is no other sacrifice and no other priest on earth. (Heb. x : 12-18). All christians are priests. Sacerdotalism antagonises the priesthood of christians.

But there are priest-teachers and rulers, and those
 To be governed and taught, as the scripture rule shows—
 Priests ruling and teaching; priests governed and taught,—
 And offering sacrifice such as priests ought,
 The hostia no longer, but that which always
 The christian should offer, "well-doing and praise,"
 But though themselves priests they are bound to obey
 The governing priests so appointed; for they
 Watch for their soul's good, as they that must give
 Account to their Lord. Hence we may not them grieve
 By misjudging, or self will, or want of that which
 Is the sweetener of life and cement of the church,
 That charity which is so slow to perceive
 The failings of others, but can all good believe.

Still there is no such thing as a priesthood at all,
 As in *essence* distinct from the priesthood of all*,
 And every Christian a priest is as such,
 And as every other a priest is as much.

To the clause of forgiveness of sinse we return
 With a view the precedent conditions to learn—
 Then let us, to apprehend fully, recall
 The solemn words spoken, the occasion, and all.

The disciples assembled with shut doors, from fear,
 Christ addressed, soon to leave them, with words of good cheer :
 "Peace to you" (et cetera) then "breathed on them" and said
 "*The Holy Ghost receive ye*"—by God's spirit thus led,
 "Whose sins ye forgive," and so on, but I ask—
 For a Jesuit even a Herculean task—
 Alexander the Sixth! did Christ him too endue
 With *the Spirit of God*, and those other Popes, who,
 "Though monsters of vice, had been "into the chair
 "Of Peter intruded, through women who were
 "Abandoned and sordid?" "False Popes there were," too
 So Baronius writes, though a Catholic true.
 Had these all or any the power to *retain*
 Or forgive mortal's sins? But is it not plain
 That sins as remitted by God, not by man,
 Stands out in relief in our whole gospel plan.

To disciples said Christ, on *you* I bestow
 The Spirit of God to instruct you, that so

*St. Augustine writes, thus: "What have I to do with men that they should hear my confession as though they could heal my disease;" while St. Thomas Aquinas, Cardinal Cajetan, etc., do not allow that auricular confession was constituted by Christ. St. Chrysostom too says, "I do not constrain you to discover your sins to men. Unclasp thy conscience before God and show thy wounds to him."

Whose sins ye forgive be forgiven ; but how
 Save by thimble-rig logic, it follows that now,
 Eighteen centuries after, some man hath the same
 Special power to forgive. But how utterly lame
 In a plain court of law would such logic appear !
 'Twould be laughed out of court, for what judge would long hear
 Whole volumes of rigmarole.

JUDGE.

Whereas the proofs clear,
 The proofs, 'tis we'd get at !

ROM.

But the proofs are nowhere,
 If the proofs 'tis you want you must look, judge, elsewhere.
 The Pope is infallible ²⁷ : for this take his word,
 To ask, then, for proofs 'tis too wholly absurd.
 But the thing, as I said, is a blunder all through,
 For the Hiereus element stealthily grew,
 But the Priests as distinct from his brothers—the Church—
 Is a dogma for which with vain efforts we search
 'Mongst New Testament writers ; for the church as a whole
 Are the " Priesthood " of God, " holy," " royal,"—the sole
 Priests of God and of Christ, of co-equal degree,
 Whatever on earth, as *officials*, they be.
 From these co-equal priests, for fitness therefor
 One was chosen to rule, and was named Presbyter,
 Or Bishop (overseer), but, as time rolled along.
 To Priest Presbyter changed, then came in much that's wrong,
 For a priest (Hiereus or Sacerdos) was one
 Who a sacrifice offered ; but a Presbyter, none,
 Save as one of the Church bound to offer always
 The " sacrifice due of well-doing and praise."
 Now this Priest segregated, in process of time,
 Came to be sole dispenser of pardon for crime
 Of whatever degree ; and yet such a thought
 In the writings of Paul or of Peter is sought,
 Or their practice, in vain ; for all other Priests,
But the Church one and all,, have long totally ceased.
 But the Pope to this doctrine will scarcely agree,
 And the Pope is infallible, by the decree
 Of the Vatican Council decided to be.
 But, oh, what a Council, discordancy-voiced !
 Some wished the thing trimmed, some would give it a hoist,
 Some argued against it, while others withdrew,
 But the Pope was persistent ; the Jesuits, too.

So 'twas passed, for majorities rule everywhere ;
 Just as in our own parliaments, so was it there.
 The protesters were many, but on the Pope's side
 It must be confessed, if we're bound to decide
 A question like this by heads, not by brains
 And exalted position, His Holiness gains
 The victory here ; but call it not a *free*
 Church Council, where men were obliged to agree
 (You may Troloope consult, page 303.)
 Or gain the ill-will of the Pope or those who
 Had resolved from the first to carry it through.
 Hence sneers, interruptions,* oppression, constraint
 Were the weapons used 'against those who would not attain
 Their conscience by doing the thing they deemed wrong,
 When the *reasons adduced were not* equally strong ;
 And so to this wonderful dogma they now,
 Though by *such*† methods carried, have only to bow.

Still a man is not lost through his wrongness of creed
 Or saved by his rightness. Yet all men have need
 To look at things straightly, and keep the soul so
 That wherever truth leads him he's willing to go.
 This is the condition of soul of the man,
 Whom all they must approve of who stand in the van
 Of the world's best thinking. And let us each stand
 Upon the firm basis of things at first hand,
 And not in the mud carried down through the drains
 Of traditional sweepings of other men's brains—
 Good, indifferent, bad, as they happen to be—
Deductions and guessings, to you and to me
 As free as to them, while, in the vast field

* "No more cunning plot," writes Gladstone, "was ever devised against the intelligence, the freedom, the happiness and virtue of mankind than Romanism." And Lafayette, though himself a Catholic, said : "If the liberties of the American people are ever destroyed, they will fall by the hands of the Roman Clergy." St. Thomas Aquinas, the great Romish Doctor, laid it down deliberately as a fixed fundamental principle that "heretics may be not only excommunicated, but *killed*." Accordingly, we read in the *Bandana Catholica* (Catholic Banner) of Spain (July 29, 1883), "*what a day of pleasure that will be for us, when we see Freemasons, Spiritualists, Freethinkers and Anticlericals writhing in the flames of the Inquisition.*" A nice look out that !

†The Pope told Cardinal Gibbons, he says, when in Rome, that he disliked anathemas, or attempting harsh or severe measures towards any one, but desired to appeal to . . . *the heart of mankind* ; yet this same Leo XIII, in his Encyclical writes of "the Masonic sects" thus : "Possessed by the spirit of Satan, whose instrument they are, they burn like him with a deadly and implacable hatred of Jesus Christ and his work, and they endeavour by all means to overthrow and fetter it." Freemasons had better look out, for if ever his Holiness' power is equal to his will, woe to them and all of us.

Of experience and knowledge, to us they must yield.

The Luther Reform was but the revolt
Of the *outgrowing* mind, and the Lutheran bolt
Its effect had in this: hence it fired the whole train
Which blazed up responsive; and Leo in vain,
Mistaking his man, fired small Vatican shot,
Which did little hurt, while the battle waxed hot
And hotter with time. Yet the Lutheran end
Was only to this, the old ways to defend—
The old Christianity but to restore
From abuse and tradition—this, this, AND NO MORE,
Crusted o'er with the' accretions of time in those dense,
Long ages precedent of darkness; the sense
Of the teachings of Christ muffled up, set aside,
When as Christ said "men slept" with none near them to guide
But, in ignorance dense of the Scriptures, they say
How could there have been such vast falling away?
But Paul tells us that Jesus could not come again
Unless INTERMEDIATE there came *the fell reign*
*Of a fearful apostasy,** yet in the sure
March of things in the world to fully *mature*,
That, its seeds *to-day* working like leaven in dough,
'Twould to a great head of apostasy grow.
But Tetzel, his drum, and indulgencies broke
The dread silence at length, and great Luther awoke.
"The Pope shall know all," thought Luther, "and stop
This blathering idiot or worse," but the crop,
Not how it was gathered, he soon came to know
Was what chiefly concerned our old worldling, Leo.

"Indulgences here for sins past and to come!!!"
Tetzel cries; and shall Luther stand by as though dumb.
While this shamefullest brawler, this vile, foul-mouthed hound,
Loud of tongue, cries his damnable wares all around!
"As soon as your money clicks, dropped in my box,
"The Jailor of Ghostland the strong gates unlocks,
"And the poor tortured soul bounds to Heaven; and, oh,

*Even in the days of the Apostle Paul the church began to *fall away* from the christianity he had taught them. Hence he wrote, "why turn ye back again to the weak and beggarly elements . . . I am afraid of you, lest I have bestowed on you labour *in vain*."—Gal. III, 9, 10, 11. And again (2nd Thes. II, 3 to 11,) "The mystery of lawlessness doth *already* work," and will go on, he shows there, to *ripen* in time to a *fearful Apostasy*. Historic christianity, then, proves little for Rome, for this terrible foretold *apostasy* was, of course, to be historic. So that what they call christianity may be only the heresy of Apostacy, and this can be ascertained only by *comparing* the teaching of what calls itself the church with the teaching of the New Testament. And certainly what the Papal church teaches is very unlike what Paul taught. Read also 1st Tim. IV.

"How he thanks the dear friend who has freed him from woe.
 "Then, oh, with your mother or child in such need,
 "As sheeted in flame they now cry to be freed;
 "Can you grudge them a few silver coins, through your greed
 "To add shillings to shillings. But, oh, what a prize
 "To them and to you in indulgences lies."

What cried Peter, indignant, to Magus of old,
 "Do you deem that God's gift can be purchased with gold,
 "Thy gold perish with thee." And what shamefuller thought
 From the veriest slums of the mind ever sought
 Escape through the lips. But why marvel we, then,
 At the monstrous beliefs of the lowest of men.

And is this the outcome—the *flower and the fruit*
 Of the teaching of Jesus! *So well* doth it suit
 With "the Bride of the Lamb without blemish or spot"
 As cleansed by Christ's spirit, by his sufferings bought,
 This being the doctrine that in scripture is taught.

But the church it is founded on Peter, the rock
 And is destined for ever to outlast the shock
 Of what with her collides, which is broken; while she
 Will all tempests outride till time ceases to be,
 For the powers of the world against her must fail,
 And "the gates e'en of Hell prove of smallest avail,"
 For she "sits as a queen and no sorrow shall see,"*
 As she was at the first, ever destined to be,
 And "Mary the Mother of God," Heaven's Queen
 To whom the Church prays, † standing ever between
 Her son and the Church, wins for it such support
 That it stands in the world an impregnable fort,
 Which, whatever men think, in vain they assail,
 For nor Devil nor man against it can prevail.
 But has not the great "Reformation" prevailed, ‡

* Rev. XVIII, 7.

† "Some persons," writes Epiphanius (4th century) "are mad enough to honor the Virgin as a goddess. Certain women have transplanted this vanity from Thrace into Arabia. The Virgin Mary is no Goddess."

‡ In reply to Archbishop Walsh I ask, what had Henry VIII, at one time the friend of the Pope, at another against him, but always the slave of his own brutal passions, to do really with the Reformation except to hinder it, and certainly Luther did not spare him. "Does Archbishop Walsh know anything at all of English history? Let me inform him that by the Act of the Six Articles, passed late in Henry's life, largely through his own influence, and which remained in force at his death, the following doctrines were established:—

1. The Real Presence in the Sacrament.
2. Private masses for the dead.
3. Communion of one kind.
4. Celibacy of the priests.

And has not the Roman church signally failed,
 When millions on millions, through Luther's voice freed,
 Abandoned, and so to this hour do, her creed.
 And has not the Greek Church, which by her side grew
 Been rent from her fold the long ages through,
 But still she's the Catholic Church in their view.
 But choosing one special historical date
 I showed you the Church's then horrible state :
 And again that apostasy had been foretold
 As a stage in its future, which time would unfold.
 But Peter the Roman Apostle ! when Paul
 Shows that Peter was not such Apostle at all,
 But that of the Jews, whereas Paul 'twas was he,
 Who, by special commission was set forth to be
 The Gentile, hence *Roman*, Apostle. But what
 Avails *fact or reason*, when the soul hath once got
 A set hard as granite, where prejudice takes
 The place of the judgment, which seldom awakes,
 So sluggish the mind, from the torpor of thought,
Which squarely believes just the thing it is taught,
 Which may be a truth, and it may be a lie,
 But which 'tis depends on a throw of the die.

But that "*other foundation than Christ can no man Lay,*" is written in letters of light on the plan
 Of salvation throughout, which Peter and Paul
 Declare the one hope of salvation to all.

But were Peter the rock, would not Peter supplant
 Christ the rock, which no Romanist surely would grant.

But what could be the meaning precisely defined
 (And not held as loose, nebulous thought in the mind)
 Of the Church built on Peter ?

Said Christ, " Who am I ? "

" The Christ, son of God," was prompt Peter's reply.

Of *this statement of faith in him* what did Christ say !

" Thou art Petros, and (changing the word to Petra)

" On this Petra " (not Petro) " this rock I will lay

" The Church's foundation ; nor shall the strong gates

" Of Hades immure her," for death but awaits

" The trumpet of God, when my church shall arise

5. Auricular confession.

6. Monastic vows.

And of these the first was enforced by burning at the stake for the first offence, and the others by burning for the second offence—the then universally popular and usual way of dealing with "heretics" by Archbishop Walsh's predecessors. These Six Articles do not look much like Protestantism, with their savage punishments for mere opinions, and, thank God, they are not Protestantism."

"To tenant untroubled their home in the skies."

And am I not borne out in what I here show,
For Pope Gregory writes "*Petra dedit Petro*,"*
Now here, beyond doubt, by the rock Christ he meant—
The Petra that gave him the crown with the intent
That Petros bestow it on Rudolph; and so
What thought *he* was the *Petra* and Petros we know.

Yet hath *Petra* to Petros relationship fit—
"The Rock" built *upon* and rock-fragment *on it*,
Or mere movable rock, such as Ajax once hurled,
Not the basal rock, *Petra*, that *sublies the world*.

But had the advice to the church by St. Paul
Against the observance of days and of all
Indifferent things been regarded, its fall
Might have been averted. For only conceive
An "*Infallable Pope*" sunk to this, to believe
The observance of Easter on one special day
A matter of such vital moment, that they,
Who kept it n t so—whate'er themselves thought—
And this in the century after Paul taught—
Should be cut, excommunicate, off from the rest,
And for this be excluded—the *whole East from the West*.

On so *paltry*† a matter, that Easter be held
On the fourteenth of New Moon, 'gainst which they rebelled
Who regarded the Sunday that followed, the day
On which to observe it; and for this, mere child's play,
They parted as foes, going each his own way.

And thus on a matter indifferent quite,
On what day of the month to observe it was right,
Half Christendom stood 'gainst the other arrayed;
And, so, can we wonder that Paul was "*afraid*"
When he saw that the leaven of mischief that lurks
In a rite, in itself of indifference, works
Fatal evils when stamped with importance; for so
From tiny beginnings great heresies grow.
Thus, from his high vantage of *principles* viewed,
Paul saw that his teaching was *ill-understood*;
For though he worked hard that his people might learn
True freedom of soul, yet he found they would turn—
For the poor formal soul in the outward delights—
To feed, soul-enslaved, on the *dry husks of rites*.

* The full hexameter is this: "*Petra dedit Petro, Petros deadema Rudolpho*.
The rock gave the crown to Peter, Peter to Rudolph.

† Gal. iv, 2: "You observe days and months and seasons and years. I am
afraid for you lest I have bestowed on you labor in vain."

When Goethe, the all-sided, looked back in old age
 And, with wisdom hived up, re-perused our life's page,
 To principles tracing the effects that thence flow,
 And deducing from principles those that must grow
 Thereupon, as a tree bears fruit bitter or sweet,
 And is known by its fruit, and its fruit known by it —
 He held highly prized the rich blessings the world
 Had won since the Protestant flag was unfurled.
 For free speech was not possible under a flag,
 Where the Priest, as he willed it, could put on the gag,
 With his Index, and all his machinery wrought
 With cunningest skill, to crush out honest thought.
 He felt that mankind whom the Tetzels had fleeced,
 But Luther had wrenched from the grip of the Priest,
 Were entitled to speak their own thoughts without fear
 Of dungeon, or rack,* or the merciless spear
 Or sword of crusader, or of the dread stake,
 With the option their conscience or life to forsake,
 He therefore decided—how could he do less—
That the Protestant principle tended to bless ;†
 Yea, that full toleration was simply a right,
 To which all are entitled as to the blest light,
 Which shines equal for all. Then, oh, let us learn
 To prize this rich blessing, and shuddering turn
 From whatever might slip in, the slightest, to hurt
 Fair freedom-for-all, but be on the alert
The smallest aside to detect from the course
 Which our duty to right and sound judgment enforce.

But the Pope to bend all minds to his claims the right,
 And yet the "*tenth age*"‡ he sole-ruled was the night,
 The "*dark*," "*leaden*" age of the world, when despair
Seemed fast settling down on men's minds everywhere
They enjoyed his "Home Rule." 'Twas, as writ on the page
 Of the Romish historian, a terrible age.
 In its fogland of steaming, memphitic, close air
 Men's minds became *mildewed*, and ignorance rare
 Imbruted their natures ; for men fell behind,
 By whole leagues, the stage reached, in the sphere of the mind,

* The rack how dreaded ! But it was said of it on one occasion that "it was used with all the tenderness which the nature of the instrument would allow."

† Unlike so many scientists who regard the different beliefs of christians, as matters too small for their high consideration, Professor Huxley writes, "The only immediate and ready antidote to the *poison that has been mixed up with christianity*, to the intoxication and delusion of mankind, lies in copious draughts from the *undefiled spring* of the Bible itself."

‡ So writes Cardinal Baronius—an "*iron*," "*leaden*," "*dark age*."

As compared, class for class, in the old Grecian world,
 Ere the flag of the faith taught by Christ was unfurled.
 'Twas an "iron," a "leaden," "dark" age ALL IN ONE,
 As Baronius tells us, to such a state grown
 Of sin, filth, and folly, that scarce can he find
Words of adequate strength to the shame in his mind.
 'Tis not I who wrote this ; blame not ME ; 'Tis the pen
Of a Catholic Cardinal writes it ; but then
 You must not blame him ; for how could he indite
 Save what lay in the archives in plain black and white.
 Would you have him declare what he knew he knew not—
 That the building was sound to the core, when dry-rot
 Was eating its timbers away ; though he grieved
 To write what he gladly would have disbelieved.
 What a picture we've here of the church gone astray,
 As foretold by St. Paul, what a falling away
 From the primitive church while under the sway
 Of its first christian teachers.

PAP.

It could not fall away.

PRO.

Yet historians in colours the darkest portray
 Its horrible state. Why will Romans not read
 Their own histories and learn how deep was the need
 Of the great "Reformation" which Luther at last
 Attempted and made, as his clarion blast
 Drew myriads to him, the brave iconoclast.
 But "*the falling away*" referred to above
 Was such in its fearfulness as to disprove
 The averment of Rome, that *her* church could not fall,
 For 'tis proved by stern facts as foretold by St. Paul.
 Who e'en tells us *some marks by which to be known*
 Which to-day on its face are so palpably shown.

Three Popes at one time, and what they of each other
 Spake, was hardly the language of brother towards brother ;
 While two popes *and* two councils, on the Billingsgate level,
 Pronounce each the other the church of the Devil.
 "L'infame Theodora," passion's slave, void of fear
 Of God's bolt, John the 10th "pour Pape fit elire."*
 And oh, what a Pope, what an era, what crime !
 Then Rome and her Pope fairly wallowed in slime.
 But while vice multiform on Rome bore such sway
 The church had not then, of course, fallen away.

*An. Eccles. 345 ; Giannone vii : 5.

Then there's John the XII with his terrible past,
 Who in crime had reached nearly the top of the mast.*
 But why stir up the mud more, her annals so full
 Of such horrible things that we need scarce to cull :
 And then in the age before Luther had not
 The Lord Cardinal of Florence declared they had got
 So deep in the mire of corruption, that naught
 But the *wholesale reform* of the church, as he saith,
 " *Of the head and the members, in morals and faith*
 Will suffice," hence " this council must not be dissolved
 Till this is effected " so much in't was involved.

And had not the Grey Friars in the age that foreran
 The council of Pisa—so we read in Du Pin—
 Preached publicly this, that the pope was the sure
 Forerunner of *Antichrist*, men to allure
 From Christ to the Devil ; while in Petrarch we see
 The words of a poet contemporary,
 " *Rome, Hell of the living, Church of heresy,*"

In fifteen hundred and twelve, alas, such,
 Said the Pope, is the state of the Catholic Church
 That " it must be reformed." How it needed it, see,
 At the Lateral Council, what was spoke by Begni.

But though by historians much, much is confessed,
 Yet but five years after, when Luther impressed
 With this need of reform, but, dallying not,
 Fired into camp of the foe his hot shot,
 Which rang through all Europe, it startled them all
 From ultima Thule to the Vatican Hall,

*" John," says Cardinal Bellarmine, " was nearly the wickedest of the Popes." " The Church " (10th Century) writes the Catholic Giannone, " was plunged in a chaos of iniquities"—" *L'eglise etoit plongee dans un chaos d' impietes.*" Another Catholic writer also says, " they defiled the most holy chair with filthiest morals"—*Moribus iniquatissimis fedavisse*. Barclay : but, of course, there was no falling away from the church of the Apostles. Do Romanists ever really think?

The Council of Trent, while sitting, affirmed that " Ecclesiastical discipline had nearly come to an end, that morals among the clergy and christian people were depraved, and through the unconcern of the times and men the ancient canons were almost lost sight of."

Bellarmino says it is by no means certain and indubitable that John XXIII was a Pontiff . . . for there were at that time three who wished to be considered Pontiffs, Greg. XII, Benedict XIII, and John XXIII ; nor could it be *easily decided* (*nec poterat facile judicari*) which of them was *the true* and legitimate Pontiff." " Pope Boniface VII." writes Cardinal Baronius, " was rather a thief, a murderer, and a traitor to his country than a Pope ;" and he propounds the question, as to whether Marozia's and her daughter's Pope-making, sheweth not *the skirt of the whore of Babylon*." " Whether bastards, bribers and athiests may be owned as Vicars of Christ or St. Peter's successors." How awful !

Causing such indignation, that he, a poor priest
Should attempt to do this. What ! He mean to resist
The power of the church ! Bah ! He's gone in the head,
By some sickness of brain, or some demon misled.

But, spite of the church and the Empire, entrenched
Behind his loved wall of the *scriptures*, he wrenched
From the Pope half of Europe, and in spite of the storm
Of war long and fierce which raged round him, poor worm,
And threatened his life, the great cause of reform
Won its way in the world—when, laying his head
On his pillow at last, he died in his own bed.

Now if for naught else, the Romanist owes
The Protestant thanks ; for, as history shows,
The now moral state of his church, as compared
With that which the "Annals" just quoted have bared
To the eye of the reader, is such as makes known
That its people now dwell in a different zone,
For the stir of the air in our Protestant clime
Must have had its effect in due process of time,
While, too, of the seeds that fall ripe to the earth,
A few here and there can *scarce fail* to give birth
To sound cognate ideas, to shed their like seeds,
Which, through vigor of nature, must crowd out the weak weeds.

Then, if to the truth we be true, and make plain
By our manner of life, that not victory, or gain,
Or fame, or position in life, is our end,
But that our main purpose is this, to defend
Honest freedom of thought, open-eyed, free of speech,
And that this in behalf of true progress we teach,
Then may we not hope that all efforts will fail
To upset our position, and right yet prevail.

But, oh, Galileo, with poor broken wing,
Who had once soared aloft his high message to bring
From the skies to the earth, but who, frightened and sad,
At what then lay before him, was only too glad
To escape that dread engine the church, in her need,
Has proved stronger than reason to buttress her creed—
Was soon ready to state, since the Church had said so,
That the sun and the stars and the Heavens all go
Every twer'y-four hours round the earth, which stands still,*

* "In the name and by the authority of JESUS CHRIST, the plenchede of which resides in this vicar, the Pope. We declare that the teaching that the earth is not the centre of the world (universe), and that it moves with a diurnal motion, is absurd, philosophically false, and *erronious in faith*."

This was, indeed, a strong blast of infallibility ! But the lightning which burnt the wings of poor Galileo is but a brutum fulmen to-day, and only a

The great centre of all things—a very hard pill
 For science to swallow! Bah! Science indeed,
 When the church of the infallible²⁷ so hath decreed.

For the *facts* of the world what are they, though we see
 They are plain, downright facts, when a simple decree
 Of the church can disprove them, and science and sight—
 Honest windows of nature to let in the light—
 Are but tricksters to cheat us; for Popery knows
 That a wafer's a man: and, though eyes, tongue, and nose
 The assertion disprove, yet she cannot back out
 Of her solemnly chosen position, without
 Such a shock to the system, that no man would dare
 The old crumbling ruin thenceforth to repair.

Yet I doubt even this, for theology knows
How to bend stiffest facts, and, so, baffle her foes;
 For too often *the heart sends the intellect cold*
 In quest of such reasons, as serve to uphold
 The cause that from interest, prejudice, pride,
 Or some compound of motives to self-love allied,
 It would fain have succeed. Hence the pushing aside
 Of such facts *inconvenient*, as else might collide
 With the cause we espouse; while allowing all force
 To the reasons which tell for the opposite course.
 'Tis so that we palter with truth closing tight
 The lids of the soul 'gainst the entrance of light.
 But if we, for some theological end,
 The plain facts of the world *trim, torture and bend*,
 Till they fit the pre-judgment and needs of the mind,
 So dwarfed and distorted, that scarce can we find
 Honest, free-acting manhood, we damage thereby
 Our own souls—a plain *felo de se*—and the lie,
 Once suffered within, spreads like leaven and fills
 With its poison the mind, and, so, honesty kills.

But the Romish religion *implies* that the mind
 In all thorough thinking lags wholly behind.
 No largeness of treatment, no profoundness of thought,
 No clearness of vision need ever be sought
 In a mind that is dwarfed and forbidden to see
 Things *just as they are*. Where the mind is not free—
 Where the soul can believe that a wafer's a man
 With all his appurtenance, he's prepared for and can

pitiable exhibition of Papal fallibility. But Galileo had to lend himself to this painful statement "I abjure, curse and detest the error and *heresy* of the motion of the earth round the sun." Humble pie, such as that which the poor "Free-man" had to eat a few days since.

Believe anything, then. Then, how men of research
Have been bullied and tamed by the whip of the Church.

When we see such a thing as a Newman to-day.
(Though a leaner, a *leaner*, a LEANER* alway)
Caught in this delusion, do we deem 'twill decay
By a natural process, and vanish away,
Or at least waive such doctrines as block up the way
To our civilized progress, by letting things drift
While we sit by contented and our voice never lift.

I hope 'twill be so, but I fear they're mistaken,
Who deem that the realm of old Rome will be shaken,
So, to its foundations, that by rack and by flame,
The right to crush conscience no more will they claim.
But contented descend to the Protestant plane,
Of argument simply her cause to maintain.
And why not (like Lord Acton, to Popery true,)
All confess that the Catholic practice all through,
As, in answer to Gladstone, he frankly declares
"Has been the uprooting of Heretic tares,
"And their doctrine no less. As a Pope, in his day
"Of some note, has decided that whoso will, may
"Kill those who by ban of the Pope have been thrust
"Outside the Church pale; that such ruling august—
"Of the Canon-law part—is in every reprint
"Of that body of law—Corpus Juris—that mint
"Of the Church's coined wealth—as of old, still in force,
"And for centuries many hath mapped out the course
"Of the Church when in power. The Inquisition—says he,
"Shows 'twas no dead letter, no unworked theory."
Thus we see what's in pickle for you and for me.

* Cardinal Newman was emphatically a leaner—a leaner on authority. He began and ended so. At first he leant on the Anglican Church. In those days he said "My Bishop is my Pope." But the Church of England was too reasoned—too much governed by private judgment on what Jesus had taught and Paul had written—too little in her of the lean on me and go it blind principle—not enough absolute. Then he went to Rome. Here he found what suited him to a hair—absolute authority. He had now touched bottom, and was prepared to bolt wholesale everything—her unbelievable dogmas, her terrible history, her silliest superstitions, her wildest fables—yet was he a fine writer, and a subtle, keen and powerful reasoner, when only he held his brief; yes, that is it, his brief, for the forensic was strong in him. But a THINKER! No. That is the last thing that should be said of him. He was not a thinker, only a BRIEF-HOLDER.

But we owe a duty to our own intellects, and should not surrender them save to a clear conviction. "Why," says Christ, "even of your own selves judge ye not what is right?" Let Newman be a warning to us—nursed on the pap of authority, dropping lower and ever lower in the scale of erect intellectual manhood until he fell at last in passive feebleness into the lap of Rome.

What further he writes of the Catholic creed,
As in practice applied, *is appalling indeed.*

And yet when we think of her Xaviers and hosts
Of women and men, of whom Rome justly boasts,
Her Theresas, Elizabeths, Loyolas, all
The strong, loyal, beautiful souls whom the call
Of duty or love summoned forth in their day,
To stand up for their Lord, and act, labor, and pray
For the cause that was dear to their hearts, and to bear
Hunger, thirst, heat, and cold with the wretchedest fare,
And all earthly privations, what soul can withhold
Admiration from such—howe'er creed-bound and cold.

But why deem that others with saint-souls as true
Or loving as their's, and who equally do
With the strong, yearning love of the right and the good,
What they think is their duty; to whom as the food
And drink of their souls is the love of their God—
Why deem they that such will be yet cast away
By a God they call merciful, since gone astray
From the course that the Pope had mapped out as the way,
In which men should walk. Some albeit may think
That though such souls stand on the frightfullest brink
Of the wide-yawning pit; yet St. Peter, their fate
Regarding with pity, might open the gate.
Through which they might enter and take a back seat.

But, oh, think such of Heaven as of some small court
Of Eastern Despot, wherein men resort
To the favourite who has the ear of his Lord
Or favorite's favorite, to save from the sword,
Or get gift or place? Do they deem that without
Such favorite's favour they might be cast out,
And to save from the doom they have earned by sin,
That a Mary or Peter or James may step in.

But our world's a mere satellite speck which belongs
To a system of things which the Universe throngs
With millions of suns, and, as we may conceive,
With their satellites each. Then, how *can* men believe,
That such a small huxtering, wretched concern
Accords with this system of things which we learn,
When we gaze at that star-studded, vast, azure deep,
While the scriptures too, say, "*as men sow shall they reap,*"
And that "each of himself shall give account to God
Of the things done on earth be they evil or good."
And receive his award, while to each man alone,
For Saint's sake or Pontiff's, no favour is shown

It is God's only God's, to condemn or condone !
 But hope they from Dominic, Matthew or Paul,
 More then from the great merciful father of all ?
 The Protestants may not call down fire on those
 Who, Roman or Pagan, his doctrines oppose.
 " Who are you who another man's servant condemn ?"
 " Let the tares and the wheat," said the Saviour of men,
 " Together grow up in the world to the end,"
 " When God (who knows all things) his angels will send
 To garner his wheat sheaves." Thus he who most cares
 For the weal of his church says, " pluck up not the tares."
 But I fear much that Rome in her feverish heat
 To pluck up the tares often plucked up the wheat,
 Far oftener mayhap, for her cruelties broke
 The strongest and best, till half Europe awoke,
 Cried pity and shame, and this fooling must cease,
 For torture and weeping we must henceforth have peace.

But why should the pope so withdraw to his den,
 Threatening what he will do when he power has again.
 And why not, instead, take a good-humoured stand
 With the great christian sections of every land.
 We would hail this with joy, grant the amplest fair play,
 Give the honest right hand, be as frank as the day,
 And hearken with pleasure to all he would say.

But while he asserts his own right to free speech
 And free conscience (and no one denies him), why teach
 That another for conscience and God is not free
 To think what he *cannot but* think honestly.
 But if the pope holds all the dogmas of Trent
 With honest belief ; if he never has sent
 The intellect cunning with wily intent,
 Seduced by the heart, to seek reasons to make
 The wrong appear right ; if he cannot awake
 Out of dream-land to see things, clear-souled, as they are,
 But *if* training, and habit, and prejudice bar
 The entrance of light ; if he *cannot* perceive
 The vast contrast between that which Romans believe
 And the teachings of Christ and of Paul ; if so blind
 That he *cannot* see this through want innate of mind,
 Or through vast distortion, it is not our part
 To act, as would he, without reason or heart.

But the duty to honestly think, as to see
 With our bodily eyes is a duty which we
 Are to exercise bound ; for the eyes of the *mind*
 Are given us no less our true pathway to find

Through life's by-ways, where often the blind lead the blind.
 But no one in essentials may miss the right goal,
 For God hath made that for the true human soul
 An impossible thing ; for "*who wishes to do**
The will of his Maker" holds ever the clue
 To guide him in judgment , for if single the sight
 The soul of the man will have *adequate* light.
 If from cheating the soul we honestly shrink,
 If resolved to do right, what we think we *must* think.
 Then, why should a pope cause a maiden to burn
 In lingering torments, who *cannot* unlearn
 A faith that is dearer to her than her life,
 Spite the torments that close it, so ending the strife
 With herself and the world. A martyr soul she
 Done to death for a sheer impossibility—
 Her faith the effect of *as potent a cause*
 As the ebb of the tides under gravity's laws.
 Just hear her poor cries, yet no cries here avail,
 ' Oh, gentles, have mercy ; let justice prevail,
 ' At the flames curling round us our coward hearts fail,
 ' Yet, 'gainst conscience and Christ, what excuse can avail.'

INQ.

' Christ and conscience, forsooth : Do as I command,
 ' Christ and conscience ! What yet ? Then die and be damned.'

For to stifle an error the best way she can,
 Rome deems it the safest to stifle the man.
 And she lays down the rule with no sense of remorse,
 That when she has power she again will use force,
 And (for such fills her soul with the direst distress)
 Allow no " free conscience," " free speech " or " free press."

What a horrible crime this ! And Jesus declares
 'Tis permitted to no one " to pull up the tares."
 Hence though any should be, e'en a heretic, still
 Christ's word is explicit forbidding to kill,
 But, alas, we such fools are, that though they declare
 What their principles are, and what doings they'll dare,
 When they the power have, as they ever have done,
 When they were the stronger, in ages by-gone.
 Yea, to aid them to scatter their principles wide,
 With the sinews of war we their leaders provide.
 Oh, fatuous mortals ! Why will you not stand
 Up for freedom and right in this Protestant land
 With shoulder to shoulder, determined to show
 On every occasion your face to the foe.

*John vii, 17 : "If any *wishes* to do, he shall know."

But how small are such things—Protection, Freetrade—
 Or who by the States shall be President made,
 Or who at Sadowa the victory won,
 Or who sits to-day on the great German throne,
 Which though things of great weight in themselves we admit
 Yet in their results, we ask can human wit
 Find aught to compare, after a critical search,
 Between these and the principles fell of that church,
 Which strikes low at the liberty of human thought
 As though reason and conscience were given for naught,
 And our civilization to be driven back
 By the slow creeping fire and the thumbscrew and rack,
 And all the machinery Rome knows so well,
 To make our poor planet a precinct of hell.

EQUAL RIGHTS! how they laugh. What they want is that they
 May treat us poor dupes as the potter the clay,
 May mould us to what shape soever they choose,
 Or on the wheel break us, in case we refuse,
 Not the people perhaps, but as I opine,
 They'd have, if commanded to fall, too, into line.

But should she again put her heel on our necks,
 And this she announces in no Delphic texts,
 But boldly proclaims: then sevenfold cursed
The last state of the world will be first than the first,
 For she'll Argus-eyed watch the first ripple that shows
 On the surface of things, and not wait to oppose,
 Till they grow to a head, but, wakeful throughout,
 Will at once every budding young Luther snuff out.

Yet in Rome's very city where thousand fold strong,
 The dogmas of Rome have been taught all along
 By the Pope on the spot at the high solemn feasts,
 And by Cardinals, Bishops, Monks, Nuns, Priors, Priests,
 Where nothing dare lift up its head to oppose
 The beautiful stillness, the saintly repose,
 Yet when it was asked of the people so taught,
 What way they would vote?—Why allow it a thought?—
 Those privileged persons so guarded and brought
 So carefully up in the Jesuit school?
 Yes, they'll certainly vote for the Pope and HOME-RULE.
 Yet though 'tis a crime deeper dyed to oppose
 In *temporal** matters the Pope than in those
 Of pure priestly concern, yet in spite of the woe

*Lord Acton (a Catholic) tells us that "a modern Pontiff has affirmed . . . that those who questioned and restricted his authority in *temporal* matters were worse than those who rejected it in spirituals."

To befall them hereafter, they vote for his foe,
 For the King* forty-thousand, for the Pope forty-six ;
 Thus putting the Pope in a very bad fix,
 For we cannot with figures, as with dogmas, play tricks.
 For though fancy may paint to us things *away far*
 In rich colors, yet nearness shows things as they are.
 The moon far away looks so queerly and fair,
 But brought near's a mere wreck, all chaotic and bare.

This fills the pope's soul with the direct distress,
 For he wants not free conscience, free speech or free press,
 For the' all-knowing Infallible knows 'tis not good
 That the mind should partake of its natural food,
 Free-searching, clean knowledge, and reason's bright beam
 Turned in on the soul our low life to redeem,
 Or that teaching of Christ, in which rude fisher-folk,
 Electric with thought, such strange echoes awoke.
 As he showed them the *inwards* of things, the live germ,
 For whose use the thick coating of husk and tough derm
 Exists, while whatever goes in by the mouth
 Can no man defile,† 'tis the things that come out
 Of the mutinous heart—evil thoughts—only can
 Defile, for they touch the quick soul of the man.

Metanoia, repentance, not penance, is shown
 To be its true meaning, from Xenophon down
 To Lucian—a change of the mind, not an act
 Of penance to punish—the heart left oft intact—
 But, in scriptural sense, such a change of the mind
 As leaves the past life of the sinner behind,
 A repentance that comes with the unsparing knife
 That cuts rigidly down to the roots of our life.

Did Peter or Paul a hair-shirt, I ask, wear
 Or draw blood with a whip from their bodies all bare
Or make these of the virtues ? If so, tell me where !
 Is God such an one that he's pleased with our pain ?
 And what, let me ask, to mankind were the gain,
 Should a Simon Stylites forever remain
 On his pillar aloft, or a Dominic lash
 His quivering limbs, or a poor Fakir gash
 His body with knives, or by a hook hang—
 The greater the merit the keener the pang.‡

*The actual numbers were 40,885 for Victor Emmanuel, and for the Pope 46 votes.

† Matt. xv, 17-20.

‡ St. Paul warns thus : " Let no man rob you of your reward by a *voluntary* humility and worshipping of *angels*. Such things have indeed a *show* of wisdom

Father Huc was surprised at the likeness between
The Buddhist and Roman religion he'd seen,
In so many respects, and could but in this way
Account for the fact, by supposing foul play
On the part of the Devil, to caricature
The Catholic rites, his bad ends to insure.

"Thou shalt *not* make an image of stone or of wood,
Or likeness of aught that's in Heaven," says God,
To bow to or worship. Such is the command
But 'tis set at naught here and in every land,
And the argument, used to excuse it, implies
That scant charge against Pagan Idolatry lies.

"The gospel," said Jesus, "is preached to *the poor*."
But Rome thinks her tenure of men not secure,
Where this gospel is read without comment or note
In the schools of the land—worse if learnt by rote—
As tending an anti-Rome faith to promote;
And how possibly could the sweet teaching therein
So simple, soul-stirring, not merely akin
To reason, but reason herself bedded in
The words of the Christ, fail by contrast to show
How from the high table-land, perfumed, aglow
With the beauty of Springtime, men could drop so low
As to jungles mephitic, which Rome loves so well
And, unused to the heights, is content there to dwell.

It is true in the VIth of John's gospel Christ saith
"He who eateth my flesh shall never see death."
Now the event out of which these grave sayings arose
Serve the meaning of Christ, in these words, to disclose.

To get bread material your bodies to feed,
Said Christ to the crowds, is your end, but you need
A different food from what Moses supplied,
For those who partook of that manna all died,
While they who partake of the bread that I give
(For the food of the *soul*) shall eternally live.

Of course, 'tis a *figure*, for those who so ate,
Like those who ate not, the common fate met;
Again, in this very same chapter we see,
"I the bread am of life, and who cometh to me

in *will* worship and humility and *severity to the body*, but are not of any value against the indulgence of the flesh." Col. II, 18-23. That is, doing things that are not required of him after the promptings of his own mind, but which are of no use whatever in eradicating fleshly desires. As St. Jerome writes, "My limbs were rough with sackcloth and my body as an Ethiopian's, yet my soul was heaving with passion."

From hunger and thirst shall be evermore free,"
 But this was, of course, spoke not *literally*,
 For Christ was not bread, but a true living man,
 Of flesh, brain, and bones, in whose arteries ran
 The red blood of life ; and 'twas not true again
 In the *letter*, that is, that true christian men
 Should not hunger and thirst ; but that God would supply
 The needs of the *soul*, which would hence never die.

Then, he tells us again, that to carnally eat
 " His flesh *could not profit* " the soul, because meat
 Only enters the *body*, while " the words by Him spoke
 " *They are spirit and life*," which the portals unlock
 Of the soul ; so unlike what the senses descry,
 Though a verity seen by the purged inner eye.
 Still " his flesh is *true food*," for of it all who eat
 Shall eternally live, but not so of the meat—
 The wilderness manna—which could but supply
 The physical body, hence destined to die,
 And hence not meat *substantial*, *soul-nourishing* food
 To supply to the *spirit* the true vital blood
 Of Christ in the soul ; and nothing more harms
 Than deeming religion a cultus of charms,
 Or that actions outside can, as such, confer grace,
 This were the religion of Christ to debase,
 And set up a fetish for his who saw through
 The formal and outward, and held up to view
 The state of the soul, as what alone can
 Make the difference real between man and man.

But *what is the ground* for asserting that Christ
 Refers here at all to the sole Eucharist ?
 'Tis a simple *assumption* ; for 'tis stated no where
 By Christ or by John that the words here refer
 To this only act—the Lord's supper. Then, why
 To the general *feeding on Christ* not apply*
 Words of general import. Why, even some Popes,

* John vi chapter : " Unless ye eat my flesh and drink my blood ye have no life in you." Cardinal Cajitan affirms that these words do not refer to eating and drinking in the sacrament at all ; and that they are to be understood thus, " if ye use not the death of the son of God as meat and drink, ye have not the life of the Spirit in you." And Pope Pius II, a very learned Pope, and Pope Innocent III, and some Cardinals and Divines of the R. C. Church express like views. Pius II says of this same John vi : " It is a *spiritual* manner of drinking that is there taught," and he gives his reasons to prove that it is so. Even the Council of Trent refused to determine whether John vi referred to sacramental or spiritual eating. While Cardinal Bellarmine admits that transubstantiation was not fully licked into shape, as an article of faith, till over a thousand years after the death of Christ.

And Divines of your Church deem the words here are tropes.

But let us remember that the one sterling test,
To which Jesus appeals as the *probatum est*,
Is the senses' decision ; for "handle and see"
Are the strongest of proofs that can possibly be,
And how far better this than the creed that a priest
Can make a whole man from a small bit of paste ?

Oh, tallest of miracles ! St. Denis, his head
His own arm tucked under, as onward he sped,
Shows small beside this ; when deliberately,
With our minds wide awake, we may "handle and see."
Thus be not deluded, let none steal your brains,
A wafer you see it, a wafer remains.

The sense of the scripture, as a whole, is so clear,
That by our plain chart we have only to steer
With honest intention, in order to reach
The harbour of safety, Christ declaring to each
That "*who seeketh shall find.*" It is true here and there
Dark spots may occur. Yet how do they impair
The general clearness ? In the sun men detect
Spots, but on his whole shining how small their effect.
But though clear as a whole, yet are there whose eyes
Are so fixed on these spots, that the light-flooded skies
Are obscured or shut out ; so contracted the soul
That they cannot take in the great luminous whole.

In his second epistle Peter tells us that Paul
In writing to churches, as well as in all
His epistles, *when* speaking of things that relate
To the end of the world and those startlingly great
Concurring events says "some things there are hard
To be understood," hence the need that we guard
Against misconception, for ignorant men
Would "*wrest*" to their purpose the fruits of his pen.
First, then, the words herein referred to as "hard,"
To the writing of only *St. Paul* have regard,
And then to his words, "*of these things*" of which Paul
At *such time* was speaking—the end of the all—
They are *further restricted*. Still of these only "*some*"
Are pronounced to be hard. Then lastly we come
To the process of "*wresting*" these words to their ends
By some "ignorant, unstable minds." But this lends
Small comfort to any one, should he maintain
That the scriptures may not be perused in the plain,
Honest style they were penned in or spoken to *all*—
To the unlearned and learned, the great and the small.

But how to interpret the whole by a part,
Not the part by the whole is the Jesuit's art.

PAP.

' But no passage of scripture, by St. Peter we're told,
' Is of "private" solution.

PRO.

But are not *you* too bold ?
The word is not " passage," but " prophecy," and
The sense, I conceive, you do not understand.
If you mean to infer that "private" implies
That we may not it read with a view to grow wise,
Though Paul wrote his epistles to be read by *the church*,
Though they are commended who the scriptures aye search,
Though his gospel Christ preached to the ignorant *poor*,
Though the sense here, close looked at, is scarcely obscure,
' 'Tis this—for the meaning is infallibly sure—
No " prophecy" comes from the prophet's *own* soul,
But God, through the prophet, is pleased to unroll
His future designs. Hence the prophecy is
Divine and *not human* ; not " private," but his
By whom 'tis revealed ; hence, since God's, "take your heed
To it as a *beacon* set up" for your need,
To comfort you through the long wearisome night,
Till the day-star arises to flood you with light ;
"For" no prophecy comes from the prophet's *own* skill
In reading the future—"not by human will—"
But holy men spake as God's spirit had moulded
Their minds to his thought, and the future unfolded.
* But what is there in *this* to discourage a man
From seeking to learn here whatever he can ?
Far from it, to it we are *urged* to "take heed,
As a light set" to cheer us in time of sore need.

In Genesis first we are told that the earth
Took only six days from the hour of her birth
To its full store of animal life—day by day
Supplying new life in progressive array.
Yet we're forced by the facts of the world to admit
Long æons of time intervening, and it—
The text—to interpret so that harmony
May exist between it and geology.
The days read for ages—the long days of God—
What if slow or if fast, if the end's alike good.

Again it is written, " a camel might pass
With more ease through the eye of a needle, alas,

Than a rich man the kingdom of heaven attain,"
 (Yet, mid piles of traditional rubbish, we gain
 This tit-bit of news, that St. Peter in fact
 Direct this great physical problem attacked,
And forced it right through). But, alas, for our age
 Which has passed somewhat through the old credulous stage.

It also is written, "unless a man hate
 His father and mother, he cannot reach the state
 Of discipleship," but the reverent soul
 Will such isolate texts harmonise with the whole.

The stars and the planets were once found to go round
 Our speck of a world, since they had been so bound
 By a Papal decree, but to-day our small earth
 Drops into her place by the law of her birth.
 Epicycles and cycles now, demanded before
 To buttress this system, required are no more.

So when the whole sense as a whole is sun-clear,
 We interpret a text, that sounds strange in the ear,
 By the whole sweep and current of thought making plain,
 As though written in letters of light on the brain.

Again it is writ, "if to this mountain ye
 Say, with faith, be removed and cast into the sea,
 It will be so done. But if these words hold good
 For the priests of *all time*, may we therefore conclude
 That, as in the case of "whose sins we remit,"
 Spoke to the disciples, these words too commit,
 On similar grounds, the priests of to-day,
 To interpret these words in a sensible way,
 Choosing of the dilemma which e'er horn they may.
 May we not then interpret such texts by a rule
 That will make the interpret less than a fool.

We come now to our text, "whose sins ye remit,"
 And ask to apply what we've here urged to it :
 For has it not seemed to the mind as so strange
 That a doctrine with issues of force to derange
The whole social fabric reaching down to the roots
Of life here and beyond it, and yielding such fruits
 Should on *one lonely text* for its sanction depend,
 —*Eleven words only* from beginning to end
 Of that *big book*, the Bible. Yet doctrines of *weight*—
 Repentance and faith and the morals that mate
 With the christian's high calling—occur everywhere,—
Text piled upon text and enforced with such care,
 Does this not seem strange, *if*, as Romanists say
 To interpret the passage theirs be the true way

With all consequents claimed. But if the text be
Declarative, as in Paul's writings we see
 And Peter's and John's, in *their letters althrough*,
 When instructing the Church, and in "*the Acts*" too.
 Then is it accordant with all elsewhere writ,
 Which *ignores* such a thought as that priests can remit.
 But here or elsewhere no promise is given
 That so awful a power, by which priest-craft has thriven,
Is from priest hand to priest hand through all time to pass
A magic endowment, which yet the great mass
 Of the poor sleepy world accepts; still is it
 What else than *assumption*, and no human wit,
 E'en aided by strange school-man logic can make
 The text look beyond those to whom Christ *then* spake,
 Unless as *declarative* of how sin may be
 Forgiven, so to speak, constitutionally.

But if Christ had these words used to persons well-known
 And *inspired* by his Spirit, and standing alone
 From the rest of the world—his own very own—
 If Christ spake these words to men known and inspired
 And for *specialist* work so fully attired,
 Why must we *assume* that the words spoke of those
 Whom Christ then addressed, were spoke too, of his *foes*—
His deadliest foes, the Borgias of old
 Et id genus omne, "fifty popes," we are told,
 "Apostatical not Apostolical"; so
 Writes catholic Gerebrand, who surely should know.
 What! Was it of *these* men of whom Jesus said
 "Whose sins *ye* remit are remitted," though led
 By the Devil yourselves; and "whose sins *ye* retain
 "To them are *retained*"; for *repentance is vain*
And faith in my work, if you call in no priest,
 By whom your sins formally may be released,
 So too though assumed that *bad* men may remit
 Yet where is such *stated*, pray, in holy writ?

If these words then of Christ be urged to uphold
 A doctrine so awful, so fraught with untold
Degradation and danger; if Peter and Paul
 James and John in their preaching *refer not at all*
 To such priest-forgiveness, but simply declare
The terms of salvation by which everywhere
 Men may pardon obtain, "repent and believe"—
The one doctrine throughout—and God will forgive.
 But *no* word of a go-between pardoning priest
 Through whose intervention the sinner's released.

Then why will we the grammar of scripture so parse
As to make christianity simply a farce ?

Thus how to interpret the passage we see
By the teaching of Peter, with whom wholly agree
The other Apostles.

To the Jailer* who cried

"How must I be saved, sirs?" Paul and Silas replied
(Not, we will absolve you, for we have the power
But) "believe thou on Jesus"; and believing that hour
"Thy sins will be pardoned." For "whoso believes
"In Christ of his sins the remission receives."

Then why so insistant—though nowhere 'tis writ
That a *bad* man could then or thereafter remit
Or retain a man's sins—that you certainly *know*,
(Though only by rigmarole logic) 'tis so.

But a power so *tremendous, unspeakable, vast*,
Which so staggers belief that the mind stands aghast,
Should have been writ *sun-clear*, not merely inferred.
From something the speaker had never averred,
And opposed to the whole Apostolical view
So fully made clear in the scriptures althrough.

A comet eccentric flies off into space
Yet the laws of *the Universe* hold it in chase,
Till 'tis found to fall in with the general laws—
To us the expression of adequate cause—
For the laws of *the whole determine the parts*,
And from this settled rule no comet departs.
So an isolate text of the scriptures we're bound
By the general sense of the whole to expound.
It seems scarcely the way should the mind feel perplexed
As to what is the sense of an isolate text,
To interpret it so that its meaning collide
With the doctrine *throughout taught*, thus setting aside
The plain meaning clear-writ and abundantly taught
On page after page of the scriptures, yea wrought
Throughout, wrap and woof, in the texture, and soul
Which pervades and infolds and explains the great whole.
But the whole to explain by a *line* or a verse
Would be the true schema of things to reverse.
The sun, moon and stars once revolved round the earth—
The great Geocentric—in times of the dearth
Of genuine science. So round this one verse
The scriptures revolving their meaning reverse.

* Acts xvii : 30, 31.

Then let us, poor fools, our misjudgment retrace
That this verse like the earth take its own proper place.

The apostolate office if intended to be
Continued or not, I do not clearly see
From the scriptures or early church history,
The elders or bishops so far as we know
By *apostles* we deem were appointed thereto
Or by delegates chosen by *them* to this end.
But good men may other opinion defend,
But as wise Nazianzen (St. Gregory) wrote
"The succession of piety's the matter that ought
"To be deemed the true normal succession, one man
"May the formal succession possess, but how can
"This weigh 'gainst the other, who the very thing hath
"Itself—the succession in deed and in truth."
While Bellarmine admits, "it need not be that where
There is a succession, *the church also is there.*"

And the church, the true church, *wherever she's found*
In morals and faith, constitutionally sound,
Is "pillar and stay of the truth" upon earth;
For the church is *in essence* those whom the "*new birth*"
To goodness and truth makes the members thereof,
Belonging as such to the church that's above,
Not those whose great boast 'tis their church is so old,
(Yet Christ's church is older), their creed is pure gold,
Though crusted and rusted and coated with mould;
Who, though they be sinners through life, yet believe
Their sins at its close any priest can forgive.
But the church, truth's strong pillar, is bound to uphold
The doctrines of truth and keep wolves *from the fold.*
"Whose sins ye remit no matter what he,
If a hardened impenitent, in himself be,
And "whose sins ye retain" although he be good
To the core of his life through the spirit of God,
Yet on "I absolve thee," *his* sins are forgiven;
But, (the other's retained) *he* is shut out from heaven.
Does it rest with the priest then and not with the man,
If to enter Christ's kingdom he cannot or can,
For "intention" looms large in Rome's subtly laid plan.

But if it means simply this, if the man hath,
What the gospel demands, repentance and faith,
His sins are forgiven, it falls in with all
That is written *throughout* by Saint Peter and Paul,
That if of their sins men repent and believe,
They shall of their sins full remission receive.

So the Anglican church, "absolution" announces
 The condition on which the priest there pronounces
 Remission of sins ; if men truly repent
 And gladly with faith to Christ's gospel consent.
 Still some may conceive that Christ's words here *refer*
 To those gifts of miraculous healings which were
 Conferred on the early disciples—inspired
 By Christ's Spirit and teaching—if such were required
 For the good of the Church. Thus, as Christ before said,
 Which is easier to say, "thy sins I forgive"
 Or thy misery sin-linked, I hereby relieve.
 To the Apostles he gave, too, the right to immesh
 In the toils of the Devil, "to punish the *flesh*"
 That "the *soul* might be *saved*" by such discipline strong,
 For "whom God loves he chastens," not sparing the thong.
 Then on the sick bed men have time to reflect
 And so by repentance their foe may eject
 From his seat in the soul. In this way they forgave
 And retained human sins *on this side of the grave*.

But our moderns declare that they have at the hour
 Of death and before, to forgive sin the power,
 Yea, *more* priestly still is their claim, for the Priest
 In soul as in body must never be missed,
 For he is the centre round which all revolves
 The authority single on whom it devolves
 To "remit and retain." But so intertwined
 With the *soul* of the Priest is his act, that to bind
 To his words his "*intention*" is needed, else when
 He utters the words, "I absolve thee," e'en then
 No one is absolved, unless with the words
 Of the Priest of the hour his priest's *purpose* accords,
 And this of all sacraments too is the law
 They are naught if they're crossed by this fracturing flaw.

This doctrine of Priests first held by a few,
 Like leaven soon spread till the whole leavened grew,
 And *priest-saturation* was thorough all through.
 Yet Priests have been scoffers, some sunk too so low
 That it might not their *will* be or *heed* to bestow
 This *vis viva*, intention, which is as the soul
 To the bread-eucharistic, giving life to the whole.
 But if the effects, which these priests claim to flow
 In grace sacramental, to "*INTENTION*" they owe,
 I ask how can any one possibly *know*,
 Who, if any, are priests ; what are sacrament then?
 And what Leo, his Bishops, and Priests, but *aymen*.

For at ordination who is there can say,
 If "INTENTION" was active the grace to convey,
 But we can't compensate for a prior link gone
 By links thousand-fold to the end added on.
 But this power that is claimed to remit or retain
 Was not spoke to Rome's priests of to-day, it is plain,
 But to Christ's *own Apostles*, Christ-taught and *inspired*,
 And especially so, as their mission required.
 But if any priest deems he can so sin forgive
 As to cause the sick man or the dying to live,
 Let him do so by all means. To so forgive sin,
 As Christ to the cripple, will our sympathies win.

As with ignorance crass blind credulity grows,
 So, at his priest's word, men are pardoned he *knows*—
 But to know and to think, are not words that transpose.

You have seen what Lord Acton has said is the view
 Of the Catholic Church as regards me and you,
 Though scarce pleasant what's writ there, yet alas 'tis too true—
 And now in the van of this church of the pope
 The Jesuit stands the great bulwark and hope,
 By one Province welcomed, adopted, endowed,
 And endorsed by our own House demented or cowed,
 While our Governor deems them a quite decent folk*
 Nor said what he said by the way of a joke,
 Nor the least with a purpose our ire to provoke,
 But just with a view to enlighten the mind
 Of our Cavens and Smiths—such small deer—when they find
 What's Lord Stanley's opinion which, as his, must all bind,
 For to him in clear thinking they lag leagues behind,
 But possibly 'twas not Lord Stanley at all,
 But only the Statesman, as viceroy, in thrall
 To his office as Governor General, who,
 As Sir John and Sir John had bidden him to,
 Spoke for them not himself. As Lenthal of all,
 As the mouth of the House, spoke but as he was told.
 But the Jesuit is not at liberty to
 Obey the Queen's laws, for his head-centre, too,
 Has laws of his own which *he's* bound to obey,
 And the Pope's laws as well, though these laws, they say,
 Are the same; yet the *Queen's laws* all bless
 With *freedom of conscience, free speech, a free press,*
 And *freedom of worship*; but these they declare
 A crime to be punished by law everywhere.
 But only to think they deny us the right
 To test the whole thing in a fair stand up fight.

In the Courts of the land. 'Tis enough to provoke
 Men to buckle their swords on to break their vile yoke.
 In the Empire of England the Jesuits are now
 A non-legal society ; why then such a row
 About disallowance, while the laws unrepealed
 Still stand out against them ; their bad past, too, revealed
 By the clear light of history ; their Pope, too, *constrained*
To abolish the order because it had gained
Such a vile reputation 'mongst men of all creeds,
 Because sowing broadcast 'mongst all men the seeds
 Of their terrible principles ; their intrigues so unblest ;
 Their bad ways and works all pursued with such zest,*
 Though seldom forgetful to feather their *own* nest.
 But Pope Clement at length, though *with much grief of soul*,
 Determined to make a clear sweep of the whole,
 And he made it, and died the year after, as he
 Himself had foretold, 'tis averred, it would be.
 And what is this thing but a legalized fraud,
 When the laws of the realm make such half-outlawed,
 What ! Incorporate such men, if this be the case,
 Forthwith should we not from our statutes efface
 The Jesuits' Estates Act, to our codes a disgrace ?
 But the wise ones who rule us declare that their "Act"
 Is valid in law and must, so, stand intact.
 So said they before, but 'twas shown by the court,
 That law constitutional scarce was their forte.
 Let them try it again. Not they ! For why face
 An ordeal new with new chance of disgrace,
 Perhaps, with the certainty, they may believe.
 Then, why should they do so, sore hearts to relieve,
 When by doing it they might upset the whole thing
 And on their own heads a catastrophe bring.
 That "Act of Elizabeth" might cause them grief ;
 And from that, which to Catholics granted relief
 The Jesuit clan was excepted. But how

See page 64.

* "The moral of the Jesuit's story," writes Thackeray, "I think as wholesome
 as one as ever was writ ; the artfullest, the wisest, the most toilsome and
 dexterous plot-builders in the world—there always comes a day when the roused
 public indignation kicks their flimsy edifice down. . . . One day Gulliver
 rouses himself, shakes off the little vermin of an enemy, and walks away un-
 molested." And Thackeray was no stern foe of Popery. I do not place too
 much reliance, however, on historical precedent : still Thackeray and Lord
 Stanley stand whole leagues apart in their judgments of these men.

The party who clings to the "Syllabus" bow
 To the laws of the Empire the Guibord case shows,
 And what an intolerant spirit towards those
 Who differ from them in opinion. The woes
 Of the great unseen world are those of the foes
 Of the Catholic church, so self-titled ; but what
 Does *that* matter to us ? But we likewise have got
 To burn DOWN HERE—that's the rub—when the hour
 Arrives when the Pope's reinvested with power.

As in the first ages the Pagans reproached
 The church with the different doctrines then broached ;
 For *the different sects* was their argument plain
 That a faith so uncertain must certainly wane,
 Though creeds are in themselves less an end than a mean
 To lift the mind Christward and keep the heart clean,
 By one noble example in life's fiercest fight
 To so sweeten men's souls by the Christ-love of right,
 That in doing and loving they only find their delight,
 To this even creeds are subordinate quite.
 For when held by a mere intellectual grip,
 Crammed into the head and confessed by the lip,
 What its ethical value I fail to perceive,
 If the devils themselves, while they hate, yet believe ?
 E'en creeds only lead us to goodness, their end,
 And are lovely and true just as this they subtend.
 St. Paul with this view taught men might be so free
 As in non-essentials be not bound to agree.

As it was, so it is ; now the Papist objects
 That the Protestant church is cut up into *sects*,
 Then to which should he go, if he left his own church,
 Is he bound through them all to continue his search,
 Lest, alas, in the end he be left in the lurch ?
 As if it were of vital moment that he
 With this phase or that should exactly agree,
 When assured that, "on faith and repentance," the soul
 That with *honesty seeks* cannot miss the true goal ;
 Here is no peradventure ; this, this is as sure
 As that justice and truth shall forever endure.

To assert that all christians of the century first
 Or the century after were uncursed—or e'en cursed,
 As some might regard it—by one rigid belief
 Is a fictional statement that must come to grief,
 For 'twould be to assert what is simply, in sooth,
 The converse exact of historical truth.
 Yea, in the first age of the church we recall

How "one saith I'm of Peter, another of Paul."
 But, what of the men? "Christ the Lord is of all,"
 And Peter is "nothing" nor Paul—only hands
 Whom God wills to employ to fulfil his commands.

He would be a bold man who'd venture to say,
 That Justin the creed held the Pope holds to-day,
 Though perhaps as dogmatic to lay down the law
 As to what constituted each terrible flaw,
 In the creed of so many, which shuts out from heaven,
 Since so fatally mixed up with heretic leaven.

Then there's the GREEK church (which grew up side by side,
 From the earliest times with the Roman), whose pride
 In her "orthodox" doctrines quite equals her own,
 Deeming Rome a *schismatic*, while she stands alone,
The old orthodox church of the world and, so, boasts
 Of her age and her ancestry, and her vast hosts
 Of millions on millions. But what of the brag
 Of unity, numbers, and age, if the gag
 Is put on the lips of enquiry, and *there*
 Men believe the Greek church, but the Roman church *here*,
 'Tis but what they're *born to*; and just as they speak
 Italian or Russian, they're Roman or Greek.
 The faith's taken *on trust*. But, 'mongst Protestants, all
 To examine the records are free; while St. Paul
 Allows men to differ; nor need any dread
 That the bolt of church vengeance will fall on his head
 To maim or destroy.

But we must not forget
 That what has been won from the past is a *debt*
We owe to the future. For outspoken thought,
 So oft by the wise and the generous taught,
 As the lever to lift the poor atrophied soul,
 Is a right sacrosanct, to be handed down *whole*,
 Yea, with *interest too*—the best means to ensure
 The judgment alone which free souls can endure.

Disproportionate stress, though, on creeds is oft laid,
 While to our own souls less attention is paid.
 Thus, men will be cruel in heart and in deed,
 In spite of their so boasted orthodox creed:
 Yes, he who treats lightly Christ's plainest commands,
 No scruple yet feels in imbruing his hands
 In the blood of a brother, e'en though *he* should plead
 'Twere impossible to him to alter his creed,
 For, whatever his efforts he could not succeed—
 Is ready too often his sword to unsheath

In behalf of each clause of his ready-made faith—
 A faith which he did not by searching acquire,
 But an heirloom descended to him from his sire,
 A *haphazard* belief, which, if false or if true,
 Is less to enquiry than accident due.

Let a man but lie passive that truth may impress
 Its own lesson on him. Still he should none the less,
 While he keeps his soul pure, enquire, study and try
 To attain needful truth; then, may he rely
 That no judgment of Heaven against him shall lie,
 And whose sins "on repentance and faith," God releases
 The Pope may retain them or not, as he pleases.

But 'twixt Presbyterians and Episcopalists* what
 Does the difference come to? The Baptists have got
 Their own special belief which truly comes not
 To much, (in the wide christian mind of a Paul,)
 While the Methodists' creed scarcely differs at all
 From these, or from those who are called or who call
 Themselves Independents. In the days of St. Paul—
 For a happy return of which many sigh—
 It was not required that all see eye to eye.†

I should like to hear Socrates question the Pope,
 On what his pretensions were built; to show up
 The whole thing with its cobweby evidence such
 That it could not endure his least questioning touch.
 "Thou art Peter" I doubt would to him scarcely show
 That Peter, long turned into dust, was Leo
 Of long centuries after. For how do you "*know*"
 That Leo is Peter more than Peter Leo?
 To build on assumptions, or fly to and fro
 On the pinions of fancy is not, Man, to know,
 For to know and to think from one root scarcely grow.

LEO.

But Peter was Bishop twenty-five years of Rome,
 Of the Catholic church, the proud fortress and home.

SOCRATES.

But where are *the proofs*? Why we're told by St. Paul
 That himself its Apostle was, not Peter at all?
 But twenty-five years! 'Tis apocryphal quite,
 Nor can you for this *one* contemporary cite.
 But if the first link of the chain has been thus
 Struck off from the others, why make any fuss
 About such a matter as cannot abide

*I mean, those who hold the 39 articles, honestly interpreted.

†Romans XIV.

Any critical test, St Paul setting aside
 The St. Peter claim.* But when Peter obtained
 From Christ that authority in the text named,
 Not a word or a hint is anywhere given
 Of a Peter *successor as such*, and you're driven
 To sad straits indeed, when from *this* you deduce
The whole baleful system of Papal abuse.
 But 'tis wonderful how an authority grows,
 And how easily most men are led by the nose
 In matters religious. Joe Smith found a book,
 Its authority settled can scarce now be shook.
 For this truth written large on our annals we find
 Habit dominates men, making fools of mankind.

Still the pope is St. Peter! This diined in his ears,
 From childhood to manhood, unquestioned appears
 To the Papist firm fact. True, Protestants hold
 A quite different doctrine, but then he is told
 That he is a heretic going straightway
 To a place that's not good as he'll find out some day.

* Irenæus, who lived in the 2nd century, and whom Romanists will scarce question as an authority, tells us *not* that Peter was the first bishop of Rome, but that *Linus was*, having been made bishop not even by Peter, but by the joint agency of Peter and Paul. "These two glorious apostles," says he, "who founded the church at Rome, made *Linus bishop*; to him succeeded Anacletus; after him, in the *third* place from the Apostles, came Clement." "To him they *handed over* (tradiderunt) the episcopate." Now, if it was handed over by them, it was not theirs, but his. And Valesius, a learned Catholic, frankly admits, that "Irenæus does not reckon them (Peter and Paul) in the order of *Bishops*." The tradition, as held by Irenæus, is explicit as to Linus being the first bishop of Rome. Not that I think tradition is much to be relied on, and especially perhaps with regard to Peter—one tradition telling us that Peter was crucified with his head downwards, another that his head was struck off with the sword. Again, one tradition avers that his famous *reported* encounter, (and such an encounter,) with Simon Magus took place in the reign of the Emperor Claudius, another that it was in that of the Emperor Nero. There was also a late tradition, that Peter was for twenty-five years bishop of Rome, but there is not a scrap of real evidence to support it. Eusebius (4th century) informs us that, as to "who took charge of the churches" founded by Peter and Paul, "it is *not easy to say*, except such and so many as may be collected from THE WORDS OF ST. PAUL"; and that he, Eusebius, when collecting his early facts, had to tread a *solitary and untrodden way*, and could *no where find the bare steps of any* who had passed the same path before, excepting only some signs and tokens which divers here and there have left us." But if this searcher after authentic history had a poor time of it, *tradition* ran fairly riot. Paul, we know, had lived in Rome; but whether Peter had ever put his foot in it, who can say. Eusebius' "*Words of St. Paul*" and the whole New Testament lifts not the veil here of unpenetrable silence. This seems strange, if the Apostle of THE JEWS had ever been there. Still, from the Romanist point of view, the fitness of things made it a necessity that he should have been there: Hence that he was there; and, to crown the edifice, that he was there as its bishop for a whole twenty-five years. Great is tradition.

This creed at his dear mother's knees he receives,
 And, stamped on the young childish fancy, believes,
 And, since few men dare think for themselves, he goes on
 Believing as vaguely as he would have done,
 Had he been a Mohammedan, Mormon or Thug.
 Then, his creed to his heart he would equally hug.

"You are Peter," said Christ, "*on this rock*" you confess
 I will build up my church here, against which no stress
 Of Devils or men shall avail to confine
 My people in Hades, when I shall assign
 Their hour of release; and to you I consign
 The keys of my kingdom, that you may define
The binding condition of FAITH which admits
 To my kingdom, no less than what CONDUCT befits
 My genuine subjects, and what's so defined,
As though uttered in Heaven, shall equally BIND.
 But no word of successor *so seized* is throughout
 Either spoken or hinted; thus putting to rout
 The Romish assertion, that Leo to-day
 Has the power given Peter to say or unsay,
 Inspired as he was the whole truth to portray.
But presumption, assumption, pretention go far,
 If persisted in loudly and often, to mar
 The logic of truth. But, whatever men say,
 On this solid foundation my church I will lay—
 On this Peter's confession, this rock, this Petra.
 Nor is this a *Protestant gloss*, for of old
 By "Fathers" and "Saints" of the church it was held.
 "On this rock" St. Theodore writes (and with force)
 "*That is, on its Peter's confession, of course.*"
 "What means on this rock," writes St. Basil, "but this—
 On this faith of St. Peter's *confession*. It is
This avowal of faith which Christ named the rock."
 That is destined forever to stand 'gainst the shock
 Of Devils and men. So Jacobus also:
 Likewise the great Gregory "*Petra didit Petro*
The Sceptre I Peter now give Rudolpho,"
 While Dion, Carth, too, interprets it so,
 "On this rock you've *confessed* now, or, what means the same,
 "On *myself* the chief corner stone." This, then, we claim
 With those fathers and others to be the true sense;
 St. Gregory further completes the defence
 Of these Fathers' decision, by laying it down,
 As a rule, that "*Petra*, when met as a noun
 "In the singular number, has in every case

The one meaning, "Christ," which we may not debase
 By mixing with Peter ; for no mortal may
Any other foundation than only Christ lay,"
 But to Protestants *how* does it matter at all
 Whether built upon Peter or built upon Paul ?
 Whatever the meaning affects THEM not at all ;
 If built upon Peter, it simply means this,
 That he a great pillar of christian truth is,
 A chief stone in the great christian edifice,
Which has twelve foundations, which, as St. John proclaims,
Of the dozen apostles of Christ bore the names ;
 But whoever was first in the building—*first stone—*
The building ITSELF rests on Jesus alone.

Now, WERE Peter first bishop of Rome with the right,
 Unconditioned by aught *in ourselves*, clear as light.
 To bind and to loose, to retain and remit
 The sins of each man, why infer it, that it—
 This power so tremendous—descends to each priest,
 And to Bishop, and Pope, *although not the least*
Intimation is given that such awful power
 Should from hand to hand pass, *a perpetual dower,*

E'en Bellarmine,—a Jesuit and most out and out
 Foremost champion of popery, holding throughout
 A first or the first place 'mongst those, the most bold
 The highest pretensions of Popes to uphold,—
 Tells us "Bishops do not to Apostles succeed
 "Who were of a different order indeed,
 "Not ordinary, but extra-ordinary,
 "To whom no successors, *as such*, were to be ;
 "That the pontiff does not in any right sense
 "To Peter succeed—This is not the pretence—
 "Not to Peter, that is, the apostle as such
 "But as ordinary pastor of the whole church."*

But the truth is the all in all, not whence it comes,
 From a Vatican priest or a child of the slums,
 From a Leo, or Luther, or Knox ; for we hold,
 At whatever mint struck, *gold always is gold.*
 So a truth is a truth and its true inner worth
 Is enhanced not by any succession on earth ;
 While "vain genealogies" which to seed run

* Perhaps, I had best here quote the very words, "*Romanus Pontifex proprie succedit Petro, non ut Apostolo, sed ut pastori ordinario totius Ecclesie, et ideo ab illo habet Romanus Pontifex jurisdictionem, a quo habuit Petrus ; at Episcopi non succedunt proprie Apostolis, quoniam Apostoli non fuerunt ordinarii sed extraordinarii, et quasi delegati pastores, qualibus non succeditur.*"

With profitless fruitage, Paul bids us to shun.
 But there really is no secure ground to show
 That Peter was ever in Rome, while we know
 That the Roman apostolate was not at all
St. Peter's, but fell to the lot of *St. Paul* *
By division of labor. Hence while Peter writes
 No special epistle to Rome, Paul indites
 To Rome and the whole gentile church his grand charge.
 But I must on this subject now no further enlarge
 Hence Rome's church built on Peter OF ALL MEN—the pith
 Of Rome's argument here—looks half like a myth,
 A survival somehow of the old kin and kith.

But when the Jews once, through their Abram descent,
 Claimed the favor of heaven, the Baptist soon rent
 Their web of presumption. What avails your *descent* ?
 You shall all of you perish unless you repent ;
 For no Abram descent, nor succession on earth,
 Can bestow on the soul such a savor of worth,
 As entitles to Heaven. 'Tis only the soul
 Through honest endeavour, that reaches that goal.

Succession holds good as a matter, 'tis true,
 Of order external, and this with a view
 To promote useful ends, but not vital thereto.
 But where such is employed as a substitute whole
 For the Abram spirit insouled in the soul,
 'Tis a *pestilent doctrine*. As John told the Jews,
 What can such avail if his ways you refuse.
 Nor is Godhead reduced to only one course,
 But may on the *stones of the Jordan* enforce
 His sovereign will, and when we refuse
 To obey his behests, other instruments choose—
 If the children of Abram reject Abram's ways,
 The stones of the Jordan would break into praise.
 For what ! Should the men of succession forget
 The teachings of Christ and his doctrines upset,
 Putting darkness for light, with reproach to his name,
 Must no Wycliffe arise, no Luther cry shame,
 Whether in the succession or not all the same.
 Christianity's not a religion of charms
 Whatever it be—a religion that arms
 A great priest-caste with power, to bar or unbar
 The portals of Heaven, and so make or mar
 The future of each. But the scriptures proclaim

* Gal. xi : 7-9.

Everywhere through repentance and faith in Christ name,
Through the goodness of God, every man's fullest claim
To the mercy of Heaven, while Peter and Paul
Of their priest-intervention no hint give at all.

'Tis a poor trumped up story, a cunning device,
That grew up in the church, in times not otherwise,
By little and little, but once wholly unknown
As insisted on now by the statutes of Rome.

"Ye are," says St. Peter, addressing THE CHURCH,
"A PRIESTHOOD" YOURSELVES, and in vain do we search
For a priest, Hiererus, who apart from the whole
Stands a go-between special 'twixt God and the soul;
For the doctrine of Paul "one God is and one
Mediator": but one, in the system of Rome,
In process of time into hundreds has grown.
But if none who are not of Rome's church, as we're told,
Can be saved; are THE GREEKS then shut out of the fold,
With their millions on millions in centuries past,
And even to-day living multitudes vast,
Yet from such a conclusion the mind turns aghast,
To damn men because they believe what they *must*,
By the law of conditions, believe, were not just,
Yet to justice our judgment we're bound to adjust.
Then leave all to the sentence of him who knows all,
Without and within us, as urged by St. Paul.

Now, although the New Testament's silent as to
Peter's Roman episcopate; early Fathers the view
Held largely that Linus stood first on the roll
Of the Bishops of Rome; while the proofs on the whole
Lean to the conclusion, that to Linus succeed
Anacletus, then Clemens; but who base their creed
On successions not truth, lean on a weak reed;
For Augustine, Ruffinus—by others backed too—
Put Clemens next Linus, while some hold the view
That these—Anacletus and Cletus—were two
As in the succession of Bishops they're found,
And hence, in their thinking, they never confound
The names as though one; while others maintain
Anacletus and Cletus to be the one name.
The third bishop of Rome, Irenæus declares,
Eusebius too, was Clemens, which squares
With the general verdict, while but two went before—
Anacletus and Linus. But why, on the score
Of Peter unbishoped, should any feel sore?
Was not he an apostle, set over the Jew,

By special commission appointed thereto,
 The great Hebrew apostle ; while Paul's special care
 Was the Gentile, hence Roman, as all are aware
 Who study his writings to learn what is there.
 Peter was not the apostle of Rome, then, at all,
 Nor e'en its first bishop ; its apostle was Paul,
 Its first bishop was Linus, but tradition is such
 And unsteady guide that we cannot place much
 Reliance upon it. Nor must we here miss
 The curious old story, so curious it is,
 That St. Peter went chiefly to Rome to oppose
 (So runs the tradition—the "fama" that grows
 As it passes from this lip to that evermore)
 To oppose Simon Magus—great Rome to the fore
 And its Cæsar, famed Nero—at which interview
 Through the air by the power of the Devil he flew,
 Till Peter invoking his Lord, broke the power
 Of the terrified Devil ; and they show to this hour,
 All doubts to remove, in the city of Rome,
 The prints of his knees where he prayed on the stone,
 And another still red with the blood of this foe
 Of Christ, who on falling his legs broke ; for so
 Traditional stories lose naught as they go.

With other men's conduct we trouble oft take,
 As Christ of the Scribes and the Pharisees spake,
 "Ye BIND heavy burdens and grievous to bear
 To lay on men's shoulders, but your own shoulders spare."
 Here we see what was meant by "binding," which so
 May its light on the "binding" in Peter's case throw.
 'Mongst the Jews what was lawful or not, Lightfoot says,
 To bind or to loose was the equivalent phrase.
 Thus the student of Rabbi-lore such phrases finds
 As "the Hillel school looses ; the Shimmie school binds."
 As an instance again ; "he asked one and he bound,
 Another ask not, lest to loose he be found ;"
 For so much uncertainty reigned all around.*

* "The phrase to bind and to loose was often used by the Jews. It meant to prohibit and to permit. To bind a thing was to forbid it ; to loose it, to allow it to be done. Thus they said about gathering wood on the Sabbath day. 'The school of Shammei binds it,' i.e., forbids it ; 'the school of Hillel looses it,' i.e., allows it."—Barnes.

Jewish scholars differed as to whether certain things were obligatory or not, one body holding that they were, others that they were not. If one school of thought says, they are binding ; then, says he, don't apply to another, or it may affirm the contrary. But in the school of Christ is to be no see-sawing. Whatsoever (not whomsoever) you, Peter, inspired by my spirit, shall lay down respect-

But Peter was authorized here to declare
 The FAITH and the MORALS that now everywhere
 Are *binding* on men, and to *loose or relieve*
 From the burden of things that might otherwise grieve
 The poor morbid conscience, and so makes it plain
 What christians may do, and from what must abstain.
 Hence to whom but to these should the christian man go
 If he would the true *faith and its morals*, too, know,
 For these 'twas their writings were purposed to show.
 Let us follow the course then, of Peter, to see
 What light we can get from his practice ; *how he*
 Regarded his Christ-given gift of the keys,
 Of binding and loosing and how it agrees
 With the dogma of personal power to remit
 All sins whatsoever, with power to transmit
This dower to successors, which reason revolts,
 But which, wholesale with eyes shut, the Romish church bolts.

When the kingdom of Heaven he unlocked to the *Jews*,
 Repentance and Faith were *the keys* which he used.
 And when to the *Gentiles* the same he unlocked
 In the tenth of "The Acts" the same doctrine he talked.
 Thus we learn *what* the keys were to Peter then given,
 And how with them he opened the Kingdom of Heaven.
 It is *not* "I absolve thee," for I have the keys,
 And can by my power loose or bind as I please,
 But this "through Christ's name all they who believe
 "In him, the remission of sins shall receive"—
 A *declarative* act, of authority sure,
 Of how a remission of sins to procure,
 By "*repentance and faith*"—*the keys that unlock*
 The door to the *Gentile* and old *Jewish* stock—
 By "*repentance and faith*," the road open to all,
 The one highway to Heaven of Peter and Paul.

Shaken from his *Jew's* faith, said Peter, "I see
 "God is no respecter of persons, but he,*
 "Of what nation soever who fears God and does right,
 "Is acceptable to him."

* Acts x.

ing doctrine or conduct as of binding obligation, shall have the sanction of heaven, and whatsoever you shall declare permissible shall have the same sanction and (for these words were spoken to the other disciples as well. Matt xviii : 1, 18) where are we to find what Peter and the disciples taught regarding *those binding doctrines and morals*, but in what they wrote and spoke.

To this we invite

Particular notice. He no where affirms
 Your sins *I remit*, but he lays down *the terms*—
 Repentance and faith—the conditions alone
 Which entitle to pardon through him who hath won
 This pardon now offered to every one,
 Who, accepting the terms, will make it his own.
 So at Pentecost, too, the same doctrines he taught,
 For such web-and-woof in his soul were inwrought.
 This his practical comment on “whose sins ye remit”
 On “Repentance and Faith,” as ’tis everywhere writ,
 The sole title to pardon. But who can believe
 That one “IN MORTAL SIN,” as Rome says*, can forgive
 Another his sins whatsoever they be,
 And that such stands forgiven by Heaven’s decree,
 For whose sins ye remit are remitted, while his
 Whose sins ye *retain* is excluded from bliss.
 But should some vile Borgia possessed of this right
 Mortals’ sins to *retain*, resolved to requite
 Some foe that he hated, who smilingly led
 To believe that the dead past had buried its dead,
 And that now they were friends, although the true state
 Of the heart of the priest was still rancorous hate ;
 And if “THE INTENTION,” whatever *the words*,
 Bars the grace which the priest’s absolution affords,
 Then, though using the words, may he shut out from grace
 And send the poor soul to a very bad place ?
 And if, in articulo mortis, he can
 Absolution withhold from a sin-stricken man,
 And if what is bound or is loosed by the priest
 Is endorsed by high heaven, why need he desist
 From his purpose of hate. Let him die and be damned,

*The Council of Trent decreed thus: “Whoever shall affirm that a minister who is in a state of MORTAL SIN does not perform or confer a sacrament . . . let him be accursed.” Again, “whoever shall affirm that when ministers perform and confer a sacrament, it is not necessary that they should have at least the INTENTION of doing what the church does; let him be accursed.” The Priest must be exalted. Without his “intention” to confer sacramental grace it cannot be conferred; and, so, the act is ineffectual. If then, when conferring the sacrament of orders, *the intention* (say, of John XXIII or of Alexander VI, or of any ordaining bishops) was absent or purposely and perversely omitted, *what becomes of the succession*, or how do they *know* that there is any succession.

The Decree of the Council of Florence affirms that “all the sacraments are perfected by *three* things, namely, by things as to the *matter*; by words as to the *form*; and by the *person* of the administrator who confers the sacrament, with the INTENTION of doing what the church does, of which, IF ANY BE WANTING, the sacrament is not perfected.”

What care I for him, when I hold the trump-hand,
And can for *my* sins absolution obtain
From some gentle priest whom my prayers will constrain.

For 'mongst men there are fiends who torture, impale,
Roast slowly their victims, and murder wholesale,
Pull the flesh off with pincers, and gouge out the eyes,
And derisively mock at their agonized cries.

'Tis awful to think that such monsters can be,
But by reading the annals of mankind we see

How cruel are men, how deeply ingrained
In the nature of some, when their fury's unchained
By absence of fear, is their undying hate,
Goading on to their ends as relentless as fate.

'Twere a horrible thought that such creatures could *bind*
Or remit by a word the sins of mankind.

It seems so upsetting that God should intrust
Such prerogative power to a creature of dust,
That he should commit men for weal or for woe,
By a fate so terrific, to creatures so low

In humanity's scale. And are these men, the curse
Of the world—what demons, almost, could be worse,
As narrated to us of age after age .

By Romanist writers on page after page—
Men red-handed in crime, besmirched, leprous, so vile,
That scarce aught that they touched could they fail to defile,
Are these the sole means through whom sins are forgiven
And the sin-defiled soul a place win in heaven.

And are these the channels, the creatures alone
By whom *can be* made Bishops, although 'tis well known,
Their Sees have been purchased oft by wicked men,
But what matters by whom, or on whom bestowed, when
The succession is kept, and the charm descends,
And Bishops and Popes gain their several ends.

But what of Religion ! Is it not a rare
Tropic flower of the heart to be tended with care
And not a mere giving and getting affair ?

Do we blame the plain people, who, hold what they hold,
As the doctrine of Jesus—this dross as pure gold !

Do I blame the good Nuns, who, devotedly true
To their chosen ideal, life's pleasures eschew.

Do I blame e'en the Priests who because they're so told
Believe it their duty to cleave to the old,

As though what they teach was as old as is what
Had been in the first christian centuries taught ;
Or, earlier still, by both Peter and Paul,

And by Christ himself the great fountain of all.
 Our blame 's not for them; 'tis THE SYSTEM we blame,
 Of this age of the world, the crown of her shame,
 With her terror for any who dare disagree
 With whatever 's laid down by the great Roman See.

Mistake me not here. For there were, it is true,
 Good priests, and good bishops, and saints not a few.
 But why driven to something so wholly absurd,
So tremendous an issue, while yet from the word
 Appealed to by all, no *proof* can be brought,
 That this doctrine, with issue so fearful, was taught.

Say, to Peter and others Christ gave special powers,
 But, if given to *them*, on what ground are they *ours*,
 UNLESS SO PROVIDED BY SPECIAL ENTAIL
 IN LANGUAGE SO CLEAR that no mortal can fail*
 With honest intention, their meaning to read,
 And not have on assumption to base such a creed.
 But, by binding or loosing whatever was meant,
 Not a word is here spoken of any descent,
 Or hint even given of such an intent;
 Hence it goes *by default* that if there 's no *heir*
 To powers so tremendous-declared anywhere,
 That the words by Christ spoken to those who stood by
 Their Lord at the last, when inspired from on high
 Through his spirit breathed on them, were not spoke to those
 Who to-day by their teachings his teachings oppose.
 So whatever these powers were, bestowed upon those
 First disciples of Christ whose teaching so shows,
 As a whole, in a *practical* way that they meant,

* Christ, we read, when in the great temple of Jerusalem, said, "destroy this temple and in three days I will raise it up again." The Jews naturally, as would you and I, understood him to mean the stone and mortar temple in which they then were. But St. John tells us we should have been mistaken, for that he spoke not of it, but of the temple of his own body. And ought not this to teach us caution, lest we give such an interpretation of an isolated text as to make it teach a doctrine at variance with *the whole teaching of the New Testament*—text piled upon text—and, withal, *the most appalling and unbelievable doctrine* that was ever broached; that a man, HIMSELF "IN MORTAL SIN," can forgive another man his sins, or WITHHOLD the forgiveness of them, by uttering the words, "I absolve thee," or by failing to utter them. But the words, as a *sine qua non*, must be also accompanied by the *intention* of the forgiving priest (of the time) to perform the sacramental act as the church directs. With the words of the priest must go in some sort the priest's *intention*, else no forgiveness is. Thus the words uttered convey no certainty that the forgiveness is valid. This might be put much more strongly, but I forbear.

Something wholly opposed to this dogma of Trent.*
 Why affirm that these words (which were spoken to men
 On whom Jesus had breathed out the spirit just then,
 To enable them, so, without error to state
 The *doctrines* of truth, and the *morals* that mate
 With such holy calling) with like force apply
 To us of to-day not so privileged? Why
 This assert without *proof*? More especially when
 We hold in our hands *what was taught by these men*,
 Who could only have taught the same over again.
 "Whose sins ye remit" (*on repentance and faith*)
 "To them are remitted." As Christ elsewhere saith,
 "Preach repentance AND (consequent) pardon of sins."
 But no pardon the soul that's *impenitent* wins,
 "And whose sins ye retain are retained," for *without*
 Repentance a man is from pardon shut out.
 Then, as Christ-bid, the Apostles the terms declare,
 Hence forgiveness to all is as free as the air,
 So, to shrive of their sins men, no priest's *needed* here,
 And a box for confessions would sound somewhat *queer*,
 In New Testament writings, if stumbled on there —
 A dull, slimy, wart-coated toad, mid a fair
 Feathered flock of the beautiful tenants of air.
 So startlingly strange would "CONFSSIONAL" sound.
 If in some new Codex or Palimpsest found
 The "Confessional" is a disgrace to the land,
 In Dens' famed theology the questions asked stand,
 In that filthiest text-book that ever was planned,
 A memorial of all that the prurient mind
 Of the Priest may suggest to his victim to find
 What in the most inward recesses may hide,
 But which to a man they are bound to confide,
 Be they married or maiden, and though the heart bleed

*Christ ordained that "repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name" (Luke xxiv, 47). They ever go together. *No remittance without prior repentance*, or, as Peter says, "Repent ye, therefore, *that* your sins may be blotted out." It is an order of things that is never changed. Repentance is the very essential pre-requisite to the forgiveness of sins. It is with this consideration, that Christ says, "Whose sins ye remit (*of course*, on the prior condition of repentance) shall be remitted, and whose sins (if rejecting this condition) ye retain are retained." This is the simple, christian mode of explaining the text. It is nowhere at variance with the rest of the New Testament teaching, but is in entire harmony with the subsequent preaching and practice of Peter and Paul. Repentance is, in fact, *implied* everywhere where remission of sins is obtained. The words are declarative of the terms under which forgiveness of sins is secured.

To lay the soul naked to him, yet the need
 Of his pardon compels them with shame to unveil
 To this unmarried man, pumped or not, all they feel,
 Be he good, pious priest, or a wanton, who shames
 The office he holds, and religion defames.
 A reference to the Dens' volume will show,
 That what I have stated is nakedly so.
 Then why should some Anglican priests seek to bring
 Into our so Protestant church this vile thing ?

Now when men state boldly a thing loud and long,
 We are driven almost to assume there are strong
 Grounds for the assertion ; for how could it be
 All cry and no wool ; yet, on searching, we see
There is just nothing in it ; assumptions enough
 Airy castles to build on, but scarcely the stuff
From which to be fashioned the creed of mankind ;
 And what save assumption throughout do we find ?
 The Chinese, they assume, that the earth rests upon
 The back of a tortoise. The proofs are scarce strong,
 But the premiss *conceded* concedes they're not wrong.
 If assumptions for proofs we're content, then, to take
 The empire of popery nothing can shake.
 But when proofs are demanded the question assumes
 An aspect quite new which that empire foredooms,
 When the pure light of reason men's darkness illumines.

Now while the chief doctrines are insisted on so
 Of repentance and faith, and the virtues that grow
 Out of such in the heart ; yet, wherever we turn,
 Of successors long future how little we learn,
 Of their modes of appointments, as though these were so small
When compared with those things of such moment to all.
 'Tis true, as the church grew, there grew out of it
 The need of church government ; because 'twere scarce fit
 That the state of affairs which in Corinth we see
 Should in such confusion continue to be ;
 Hence was there great need of due order ; and, viewed
 From this standpoint, it was a procedure for good,
When not of the essence of things understood.
 Let none be too dogmatic. For though it is true
 That to the good man is sufficient the clue
 Here given to guide him in practice, *where rule*
And obedience concern him, yet each special school
 May not bring him such proofs as convince him that they
 Have such divine rules as he's bound to obey.
 He may deem that this matter is not quite so clear

As it may, from some cause to another appear,
 While the things that concern him chiefly are not
 The particular mode of church-rule, but this, what
 The *doctrines* and *practice* which, in truth, constitute
 Of the christian religion the *root* and the *fruit*.
 But the binding or loosing however defined,
 What's the *ground* for believing that they were confined
 To a priest-caste, when they were the province of all
 The assembly or church, be it ever so small,
 Yea, of e'en "two or three"; for if we recall
 The whole scene as a whole (and here it relates
 To men's *conduct*, not *creed*) as Christ the thing states
 In the 18th of Matthew. 'Tis in a clear case
 Of *WRONG DOING* persisted in long, in the face
 Of effort or effort to make him repent
 Of the *wrong* he had done; but since still unbent
 In his obstinate course, the church in that case—
 Meaning thereby, of course, the church in that place—
 Be they many or few, must henceforth treat such
 As a Heathen outsider; yet not so in the clutch
 Of church power by which to bend or to break
 The man to their will by the rack or the stake.
 But the church 'tis the right has to loose and bind too—
 The church in each place be they many or few—
 Yea; "where two or three request aught in Christ's name,
 There he is in the midst to procure them the same."

Note the binding takes place in the case *here supposed*,
 Of *WRONG* being done, and the conscience so closed
 Against all advice, that the church is without
 Discretionary power, and *must, so, put him* out*;
 But should he sin even to seventy times seven,
 His sin, if repentant, should still be forgiven,
 And, though having wandered so oft from the track,
 By the church be received into membership back.

Thus the church, few or many, when shaping its course
 By Christ's prescribed method, its act has the force
 Of the sanction of heaven, in such plain case of *wrong*
 Done, and then persisted in, wilfully, long.
 'Twas a measure of discipline meet to secure
 The good of the churches by keeping them pure.

But the church, not the priesthood, as something dispart
 From the body of christians, of which they're a part,
 For the church as a whole are the priesthood of God—

* 1 Cor. v: 13; "Put away from yourselves that wicked person." A case of church discipline.

And this is a point should be well understood—

But *the church*, few or many, it is which excludes
An impenitent sinner, and the *church* which includes
Him again 'mongst themselves, when repentant he bends
His neck to the yoke, and the mischief so ends.*
Thus what's binding and loosing in this case we see,
But never can any be bound save when he
By his own sin precedent, persisted in, shows
The ill state of his heart which will not depose
The tyrant within. And the church thus refused
His submission to Christ, he cannot be loosed,
But as an outsider be put from the church,
Until he repent of his palpable sin,
And, so, to the fold be again taken in.

The apostolate office if intended to be
Continued or not, I do not clearly see†
From the scriptures or early church history—
The elders or bishops, so far as we know,
By apostles were always appointed thereto
Or by delegates chosen by them to this end.
But may not men differ, yet not justly offend ?

Is religion a matter subordinate quite
To this thing of successions, which, if by "divine right"—
Suppose 'twere admitted—must have ended so
Again, as the records of Popery show
It had ended in fact : for like results flow
From like principles, in like conditions, we know.
If religion—the soul into harmony brought
With the will of the Father's the real end sought,
If this end be the essence, the great all in all,
The end contemplated by Jesus and Paul,
The end for which noblest natures have striven—
"Thy will done on earth as it is done in Heaven" ;
And if those who seek ever this end to attain
The proofs cannot find "divine right" to sustain
Or deem the succession is doubtful or worse,
Or as coming through men whose lives were such a curse
To the christian profession, they could scarce confer aught,
That was Christianly needful to persons Christ-taught,
And who could this successio. procure, only by
Agreeing to hold what to them were a lie.
For creed with its *adjuncts*, wholesale they *must bolt*,
However the soul, unconvinced may revolt,

* Matt. xviii: 15-20.

† *Tentative* this, with the proposed end of charity. Hear all sides.

But without such submission must none entertain
 The thought that he can to such office attain.
 Is it writ or inferred, by whom to a See
 An Apostle, named Bishop, appointed should be ;
 And if meant to continue, 'tis strange how the name
 Apostolate dropped out, and, changed for it, came
 Episcopate, e'en if in substance the same.
 Still so it may have been. If so, it were well,
 In order that Christians in harmony dwell,
 And the least intimation obey, to confer,
 In a spirit of love, with each other, and hear
 What on every side may be urged, and so learn
 No doctrine through prejudiced feeling to spurn.
 But if men by the truth are resolved to abide,
 What good might not come if with minds minds collide,
 But if the Episcopate hold things that mar
 The beauty of truth ; if they hold things that jar
 On an ear that's attuned to the truth ; if they teach
 What clearly they should not ; then, though they should preach
 "Or an angel from Heaven" any gospel but what
 Paul preached, they're "Anathema," hence hear them not.
 For though order is needful, yet truth has a worth
 That in value exceeds all the order on earth,
 And if in the creed which a Bishop must sign
 Are made such demands as he's bound to decline
 On scriptural grounds ; may none bishops, then, be
 Save such as can heartily hereto agree ;
 And if none be ordained, but such as consent
 To that which in others breeds whole discontent,
 Is no remedy for it, but that these men must be
 Of the christian religion the sole ministry.
 And if they preach doctrines repugnant to all,
 Who rightly have studied the writings of Paul
 And the other Apostles—preach plain heresy—
 Then are we left wholly without remedy ?
 And must we leave men to be taught but by those,
 Who so fiercely the teaching of scripture oppose ?
 Thus the question would not of the apostolate be—
 Not a question of simple episcopacy—
 But of it, *with a train long or short, and compelled*
As an adjunct thereto to be equally held.
 But as Nazianzen (St. Gregory) wrote
 " The succession of piety's the matter that ought
 " To be deemed the true normal succession ; one man
 " May the formal succession possess, but how can
 " This weigh 'gainst the other who the very thing hath

"Itself—the succession in deed and in truth."

While Bellarmine admits, "it need not be that where There is a succession, the church also is there."

And the church, the true church, *wherever she's found In morals and faith constitutionally sound,**

Is "pillar and stay of the truth" upon earth ;

For the church is *in essence* those whom THE "NEW BIRTH"

To goodness and truth make the members thereof,

Belonging as such to the church that's above ;

Not those whose great boast 'tis their church is so old

(Yet Christ's church is older) their creed is pure gold,

Though crusted and rusted and coated with mould ;

Who, though they be sinners through life, yet believe

Their sins at its close the priest can forgive.

But the church, truth's strong pillar, is bound to uphold

The doctrines of truth and keep *wolves* from the fold.

"Whoso sins ye remit" no matter what he,

If a hardened impenitent, in himself be ;

And "whose sins ye retain" although he be good

To the core of his life through the spirit of God,

Yet, on "I absolve thee," his sins are forgiven

But, the other's retained, he is shut out from heaven.

Rests it then with the priest and not with the man

If to enter Christ's kingdom he cannot or can ?

For priestly "*intention*" looms large in Rome's plan.

But if it means simply this, if the man hath,

What the gospel demands, repentance and faith,

His sins are forgiven, it falls in with all

That is written throughout by Saint Peter and Paul.

That if of their sins men repent, and believe,

They shall of their sins the remission receive.

So the Anglican church "absolution" announces

The condition on which the priest there pronounces

Remission of sins ; that is, if men repent

And gladly with faith to Christ's gospel consent.

As in the first ages the Pagans reproached

The church with the different doctrines then broached ;

For the different sects was their argument plain,

That a faith so uncertain must certainly wane.

'Your Christian Religion ! Why even the Jew

'Is by many centuries older than you.

'While ere Moses was born, old Egypt's old cult,

*St. Augustine writes, "They who sit in the seat are to be heard . . . but if they teach their own doctrines, you are neither to obey nor hear them." And Paul says, "Though we or an angel from heaven, etc."

' Yea, long ages before, was a worship adult.
 ' What ! bid us forsake the great Gods of old Rome,
 ' By whose guardian favour our city's become
 ' The mistress of nations, for your new-fangled creed,
 ' Concerning whose doctrines scarce two are agreed.
 ' Whilst in the old faith we are all of one mind,
 ' For the customs of old handed down to us bind.
 ' E'en the Jews to the Elders' traditions keep close,
 ' And so the new doctrines of Jesus oppose.
 ' Where was your religion till Jesus forsook
 ' The Jewish Religion, and instead, undertook
 ' To set up his own ! What abandon great Jove
 ' And the time-honored gods of our forefathers' love !
 ' But we will the power of the Empire employ
 ' This ill-omened thing root and branch to destroy.
 ' The Gods are insulted ! Shall we sit idly by
 ' And see them insulted, and not swear that this lie
 ' Shall be banished from earth. What we fail with vain words
 ' To do, we will do with our good Roman swords. '

'Tis ever the way : crush by might and main
 Where you cannot your ends by sound argument gain.
 So where was *your* religion ere Luther, they cry :
 Where was *your* religion ere Christ, we reply :
 But as Christ came " the prophets and law to fulfil,"
 So Luther the old christian faith to instil
 In the minds of his hearers, and sweep clean away
 The rubbish, and follies, and filth, that o'erlay
 The religion of Christ—his end, to restore,
 The Christian religion : this, this, *and no more*.

St. Paul, when pronouncing the duty we owe
 To those *temporal* rulers set o'er us, cries woe
 (And St. Peter pronounces the same judgment, too)
 To those who resist the plain ordinance of God
 Established by him for the general good,
 But the heads of this church stand defiant of all
 That here is set down by the pen of St. Paul.
*They weaken the allegiance** of men to the laws,
 Excommunicate Kings and *depose* them, because
 They suit not their ends, gloat o'er murders wholesale,
 Goading them to more butcheries still—the entail

* The very *Canon law* of the church affirms that " The Bishop of Rome may excommunicate Emperors and Princes, and depose them from their states, and assail their subjects from their oath of obedience to them, and so constrain to rebellion."

Pius V confirmed the terrible Bull of Pius IV, and in 1570 deposed Elizabeth of England, and released her subjects from their vow of allegiance.

Of the dogmas they hold—denying the right
 Of conscience to mould us so, as the blest light
 Of the truth shining on us, to our blindness gives sight.
 But the whole is a daring conspiracy, planned
 To grub up by the roots in our protestant land
Our liberties, rights of free conscience and speech,
And free institutions and laws. And they preach
 And print with all frankness those dogmas ; yea, add
 Their right to *compel us by force*—driven mad
 By presumption and folly to overthrow all,
 Relying upon our supineness, and thrall
 To party, to place, to position, and pelf
 And all the mean matters that dominate self.

But the Jesuits are but another man's tools,
A foreign Head-Centre who lays down the rules,
 Which for evil or good, whate'er they convey,
 Their duty is simply to *blindly obey*,
 Like "*a corpse*" that lies passive till moved by the will
 Of another, or "*staff in his hand*" to fulfil
 The will of the holder. So these may eschew
 No order they get, or to do or undo,
 Setting over the laws of the realm or state
 This man's *foreign* laws, out of tune, out of date,
 Sorry waifs handed down from a barbarous age,
 When to torture and burn for the faith was the rage,
 And to follow one's conscience and Christ was a crime.

For *science* likewise it was not a good time,
 To wit, for a poor Galileo to climb
 To the star-spangled heavens, and tell how he saw
 The great movement of things by plain natural law.
 But the pope was infallible *then* as he's now,
 And poor Galileo of course had to bow,
 And the sun an appendage of earth to obey
 Our small satellite world and go round it each day.

Ultramontane and Jesuit are the one breed,
 They both alike hold the Pius-the-ninth creed,
 In "*Encyclic*" and "*Syllabus*" frankly avowed,
 And the famed "*Unum Sanctum*" of which they're so proud.

The Jesuit bows at his President's nod,
 For the head of his order to him is as God.
 But his conscience is not what we commonly call
 The conscience generic, scarce conscience at all,
 But his conscience shut up in another man's breast,
 Which determines his course, be it blest or unblest.

Must he be, then, a bad man ? Far from it, but caught
 Like the bondman of Kaki, he does as he's taught,

Yet so in the world fearful mischief is wrought
 Go it blind seven-eighths of his creed, if not all,
 He scoffs at the tolerance taught by St. Paul,
 And, before him, by Christ. Yet his passionate zeal
 Endurance and pluck are such treats as appeal
 To all honest hearts. But to master mankind,
 To have him think for them, while they go it blind,
 To persuade states and realms to submit to what he
 In his wisdom determines their duty to be,
 Or if unsubmitive, *to break them by force*;
 As he always has done without twinge of remorse,
 Why incorporate these, then, who *no fealty owe*
To the British Queen more than to her worst foe;
 Men who are a *foreigner's henchmen* to do,
 Not the Queen's, but *his* will, as they're ordered thereto.
 Bound body and soul to do as they're told
 To further his ends in whose cause they're enrolled.

Now the strength of the Jesuit lies not in his
 Intellectual vigour but chiefly in this,
 That no pale doubt diverts him,* but, set on his end,
 He goes to it direct, determined to bend,
 So far as lies in him, all wills to his own;
 Which means to the will of his chieftain alone.
 He may not be cruel, but his trade is to ride
 Over conscience and hearts whate'er may betide.
 What to him are all governments, states, mundane laws,
 When the statutes of Heaven he *knows* clause by clause.

Yet cocksureness is not, in our judgment of men,
 A sure highwater mark of the mind; for it can
 Co-exist with scant knowledge, stupidity crass;
 Take at random a man from yon ignorant mass,
 Your stupid Bœotian—poor ignorant boor—
 Than your wide-cultured Socrates oft is more sure.
 But a question that comes up to-day is, if we

*The honest Protestant and (may I say) the honest Jesuit do not stand on a footing of equality here. The Protestant is at a disadvantage. He cannot go straight to his object, believing that "THE END JUSTIFIES THE MEANS." There is that in the voice within, backed by his moral training, that "fills him full of obstacles." "Those moral laws of nature and of nations speak aloud." And thus "the native hue of resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought, and enterprises of great pith and moment with this regard are turned away, and lose the name of ACTION." I am aware that, at least, some Jesuits, charged with this terrible doctrine, have denied it as theirs. But a very distinguished Jesuit, Bausenbaum, whose "*Medulla Theologia*" (The Marrow of Theology) has been, I learn, more than *fifty times* printed, and lately *by the Propaganda itself*, lays down the maxim thus, "*Cum finis est licitus etiam licent media*"; and again, "*Cui licitus est finis, etiam licent media*."

Are bound past recall by state sovereignty,
 (A matter that worked so much trouble elsewhere)
 That in whatever case a majority BARE
 Votes a measure shall pass, the minority there
 Have but to knock under, and patiently bear
 What wrongs may be done them ; nor may they *elsewhere*
 Look for help while they see public funds, set aside
 For a great public end, to a purpose as wide
 From this end as the poles are, endowing a sect
 To teach *their sect objects*, and so to infect
 With their pestilent dogmas the minds of the young,
 At a period of life when their minds can be swung
 To this side or that, and such doctrines there taught
 As by little and little in the mind get inwrought,
 Till a part of itself. And thus doctrines so dear
 To the soul of a MAN ; in their bearings so clear
 On the welfare of all, as free conscience, free speech,
 And free institutions, these people *impeach*,
 Substituting therefore slavish doctrines outgrown
 By the Peers of the race, but so helpful to Rome,
 Which needs every prop learned folly can give,
 To enable her still such assaults to outlive
 As scripture, and science, and learning combined
 Bring to bear on her oft battered walls, but we find
 That argument, to be effective, implies
 In the person encountered, the presence of eyes
 To perceive what's the force of the argument used.
 But here is the rub ! For if minds are confused
 With regard to the plainest averments of sight,
 Of taste, and of touch, in the clearest daylight,
 To whose evidence *Christ in the Gospel appeals*,*
 As that which all matters with certainty seals.
 But if men can assert against something so plain
 As the verdict the senses pronounce, but explain,
 That the thing, in some mystical way, is not such
 As they see it to be, and can taste it, and touch,
 And deliberately examine it, yet
 That the bread and the wine, or the wafer they get,
 Is no wafer, and no bread and wine, but a man—
 A man with his flesh and whole bones, then they can
 Be scarce *trusted* as guides in these questions, where mind
 Through the tangles of thought has its pathway to find.
 But folly dies hard ! 'Tis so kin to the mind
 Of the great slavish, blundering mass of mankind.

*Luke xxiv, 39.

But this we insist on as of vital need
That the veto* in all its integrity, freed
From all doubts, or demurrings, or lowerings, stand
The minority's safe-guard in that priest-governed land,
Where Jesuits rule, and their proteges crave
The permission of Rome, which so kindly he gave,
To sell *their own* lands—yet not wholly their's,
But of the minority, too ; but who cares
What minorities think—and then ratified
Their act, when they *first with his terms* had complied,

It was the first time, pray it may be the last,
When the Crown of the great British Empire was cast,
Since the great "Reformation," beneath the Pope's feet,
And a Minister humbled himself to entreat
The Pope to be pleased his permission to grant
To sell our own lands. The reply, if 'twas scant,
Was much to the purpose. The pope answered yes,
But he added "*upon the condition express*"
That the money accruing therefrom be left free.
"*To be used as seems best to the great Roman See.*"

To this he assented, our Parliament too,
And so the whole business was carried right through.
That was a surrender indeed of our rights,
Which like acid on iron into the soul bites.

But the Jesuit aye for ascendancy tries,
While we ask but our rights. But if party denies,
Through passion or vote-needs urged to it, this boon—
And here we've to do with the cunningest coon,
I mean no disrespect, but under the moon
I scarcely know one, who so subtly and soon
Could reasons suggest for or 'gainst any course,
To make it appear or the best or the worst—
But if party denies us our rights, we must try
What the voters will say, when to them we apply.
For the hundred and eighty votes to thirteen
Were cast on that day for the Pope 'gainst the Queen—
I speak not of motive, I speak of the fact,
There are so many things that straight vision distract—
Still our voters had better send none of them back,
Unless he explicitly state he will act,

*Mr. Goldwin Smith writes : "*The veto given to the Dominion government upon Provincial legislation is perfectly general, no limitation of any kind being suggested by the British North America Act ; nor can there be any doubt that it was intended to keep the action of the local Legislature in harmony with the general policy of the country, and at the same time to protect the minorities of race and religion in the several Provinces.*"

So that in each Province men's rights be intact,
 Whether by a majority *there* or not backed,
 That no law be allowed that favors one sect,
 To the hurt of another ; but that he'll protect
 Minorities wronged because they are such
 As do not belong to the dominant church.
 And though it be urged that in fiscal affairs,
 A people may do what they like with what's theirs,
 Yet not with what's *not theirs* ; nor e'en with their own,
 For they may not give aid to the foes of the throne,
 And what foes are more real than who stand between
The subject's obedience and the laws of the Queen,
 For the things *she* has passed her laws to secure,
 Are such as his Holiness cannot endure.
 Thus the hundred and eighty-eight votes to thirteen
 Were cast on that day for the Pope 'gainst the Queen—
'Gainst freedom of conscience, of speech, and the laws,
 But by the thirteen for as righteous a cause,
 As ever yet won noble men's just applause.
 Then all honor to him, who, in spite of the ties
 Which bound him to his chief, could so gallantly rise
 On the floor of the House to declare in the face
 Of foeman and friend, that he dare not debase
 His manhood and conscience, by paying a band
 Of men (for ill deeds from nigh every land
 Chased ; and by e'en their pope abolished) to do
 As they ever have done—to their principles true.

But as Pilate and Herod, once foes became friends
 O'er that horrible deed, so the Grit here defends
 The Tory with zeal. For protection, free-trade
 Are of moment far higher. But who makes a raid
 On those rights we hold dearest, of course should be paid ;
 And so Mr. Flippant, half-cultured, half-read,
 With a shallow philosophy packed in his head,
 Would fain barter away our sires' blest entail
 But his small pop-gun pellets what can they avail
'Gainst the great solid shot of his foeman, THE MAIL ;
 But, Orangemen, stand to your guns without fail,
 At this fearful conjuncture, see you firmly nail
 To the masthead your colours, and budge not an inch,
It was not in the blood of your fathers to flinch,
 And let no one persuade you for these men to vote,
With the grip of the Jesuit tight on the throat
Of your liberties, laws, constitutional rights—
 Those blessings in which noble manhood delights.
 Mr. F's. stock in trade of strange doctrines is such,

He'd allow the *Quebecers* to have a state church,
 To compel to pay tithes—the *minority too*—
 In political ethics a something quite new;
 For *such* doctrinaires what will they not do?
 On his Pegasus seated, urged by his great soul
 He rides o'er all fences straight on to his goal.
 Minorities, eh! What are they, pray, when he,
 Deep grained in the brain, has his grand theory,
 Which riding to death, or where'er he may land,
 Is (culled not from books, but) his own at first hand.

How brotherly now these men join, hand in glove,
 To set ROMAN CANON LAW, priest-made, above
 The law of Great Britain, that law which our sires
 By hard fighting had won, and whose memory fires
 Her noble sons still, while the cowards and fools
 Rome, if inwardly chuckling, still uses as tools.
 Does not Italy even, which once the tattoo
 Of Rome's drum beat to quarters, obedient, now spew
 This thing as a barbarous law out of date,
 While she substitutes for it the law of the state.
 But, since sleepless vigilance only can keep
 Our freedom secure, must our souls never sleep.

Now to *secret societies* we are told that the Pope
 Is wholly opposed. Here, then, he has scope
 For the exercise meet of his powers to suppress
This secret society, e'en though it distress
 His soul to do so, as a fore-pope had done,
 For why a good course, e'en though painfullest, shun?
 But, no! Opposition means just this that he
 Is opposed to those only who wont bend the knee
 To his doctrines in all things, a whole-souled devotee.*
 The Orange Bill, too, by our Local House passed,†
 Was not it reserved and frustrated at last?
 And was this to declare the Ontario House
 Was not competent to it, not autonomous,

*Says Lord Salisbury: "We now know that a more powerful organization, which has in every age set every other at defiance, was in the field before us, and that it had *sapped every social tie* and set at nought every traditional affection. We shall be *mad*, indeed, if we do not take warning from this disclosure. In the tempest that passed over Ireland in the autumn, the disguise has been for a moment blown aside, and you see that the antagonism with which you have to contend is the *sinister domination* of Archbishop Croke and Archbishop Walsh." Men are at length being *forced* to recognize this terrible conspiracy against human rights.

† What! Call they the mongrel thing they have at last been driven to concede a worthy Incorporation Bill. But what is written in my text was penned before this half-cowardly thing was granted, not to justice, but to clamour.

But needed the Ottawa sanction thereto.
 Or was this at that time the *Mowat-held* view,
 Unless 'twere a dodge to shift the blame from
 Themselves, who should bear it, to saddle it on,
 With the odium attendant, the back of Sir John.
 But the veto, it is *the very key-stone*
 To bind the whole arch of Dominion in one ;
 But if to incorporate Jesuits be
 A thing *intra vires*, which on that account we
 Have but to endorse—if to this we agree,
 Would it then be allowed to incorporate too,
 On similar grounds, a *whole Nihilist crew*,
 Or a *body of Thugs*, or a *Fenian host*,
 And to grant them *supplies* at the Province's cost.
 And would the famed hundred and eighty-eight, who
 For the former bill voted, *for this one vote too* ?

But we are A DOMINION, to veto whatever
 Tends the bonds that unite the whole country to sever ;
 As once, *mente sana*, 'twas urged by Sir John,
 " Not six Provinces are we, each doing its own
 " Special work, disregarding the rest ; we are *one*
 " *United Dominion*, with sovereign right
 " To cancel whatever is done in despite
 " Of the *general weal*."

To this we agree,
 'Tis our bulwark of safety. But *now* not so says he,
 For, with other ends, he promotes other views,
 And the very thing which he once preached now eschews.

But the other side urges upon us, 'tis due
 To each Province to let it its own course pursue ;
 But that one member suffer and the others not, too,
 Is something that comes not within their purview ;
 Or 'tis possibly rather that they little care,
 A part, if not all, how minorities fare ;
 Let them spend their own money—the minority's, too ?—
 A mere fiscal affair ! With their own let them do
 As they will—how concerns it me, pray, or you—
 And pay *Nihilist*, *Jacobite*, *Thug*, whom they please,
 Provided they leave us in power at our ease ;
 Or lift us to power ; for power is our joy,
 With its perquisites, too ! Yea, would they destroy
 That power of the veto which gives to the poor
 Minority *some chance* by which to secure
 Their freedom and rights, should the federal power
 Prove equal thereto at the critical hour.
 But I fear that their rights would scarce outweigh a mote,

If bent on securing the Catholic vote.

Yea, that all that Sir John, when himself, had once said
Would be buried deep down in the grave of the dead.

What ! Pay men who inscribe on their banner unfurled
A foreign priest's right to o'erride the whole world,
And cancel its laws ; yea, use *force* to compel
To their dicta obedience, in case we rebel.

For according to these men—to this things have come—

A foreigner-priest, say, residing at Rome,
May make laws for mankind, or allow them : while we,
The weak objects of Rome, no longer soul-free,
Sit twiddling our thumbs, while our Senates submit,
Hat in hand, to his Holiness, if he'll *permit*

Our law to hold good, or if any appears
To run counter to faith, or the least interferes
With his papal authority : as in the day,
When great Gregory (Hildebrand) ruled with such sway.
And since Rome means to hurry us on at quick pace,
We should tutor ourselves to submit with good grace
At once, and all taint of rebellion efface.

'Tis a *beautiful prospect* ! And we can but feel
How nobly he acts for the general weal.

Yet, alas, there are people with hearts hard as steel,
Who cannot exactly, as Rome wishes, feel.

Who think what are these BUT A FOREIGN BRIGADE
UNDER FOREIGN COMMAND, in our country to aid

In upsetting our laws, as they ever have done,
And reducing all wills to the will of the one,

Whose foreign commands they are bound with closed eyes
To obey, be he foolish or wicked or wise.

Autocracy here with a vengeance we find—
The rule of the one, while the rest go it blind.

ARE WE A DOMINION ? As Sir John put it well,
Or Sovereign States, or a kind of pell-mell,

To Sir John so convenient, for so much depends
At each *special* conjuncture, on what are his ends.

But state sovereignty in a neighboring land
Gave a shock to the country it scarcely could stand.

But if the constitutionality
Of the Jesuit Act from doubt be so free,
That the Government's SURE what the verdict would be,
Why not the Supreme Court be asked to decide
The question at issue, by hearing each side,
Not on *ex-parte* statement, one party thereto
Presenting his case as he wills, with a view
To the verdict that suits him, though not me or you ;

But the whole matter sifted and probed through and through,
 With lawyers, each side, who have studied the case,
 In open Court all, where men stand face to face,
 With the statutes and proofs and all else to the fore,
 By which the whole question to tully explore ;
 Not what *some* lawyers think, be they who or what—
 And the case as presented to them we know not—
 No affair hole-and-corner, but heard *in the Court*
Set apart for such cases, where each may support
 His case by such argument as he deems fit.
 Then to such Court's judgment we'd have to submit.

Still must we not rest till an act we procure,
 Which placing our rights on a basis secure,
 Against all the shocks of all time shall endure.

But why not Sir John, in a straightforward way,
 That Court-judgment demand which we're bound to obey ?
 But, instead, he the portals of justice shuts close,
 By explicit refusal ; yet though they oppose
 Our prayer to submit to the Court the whole case,
 Or to the Queen's council, as of right or of grace,
 Yet such *had been* granted ; *yeu, the money supplied*,
 In a similar matter, to have the case tried
 By the Queen's Privy Council, though the Court had declared
 " The Act " constitutional ; but not so *our* prayer fared.
 But, then, we are not Romanists ; have not at our back
 Three score solid votes for defence or attack.
 Thus against us *they shut every door* that they can,
 Withholding the plain rights of man due to man.

Yet for what has this Court been created, if not
 To pronounce after hearing both sides, if we've got
 Constitutional grounds for some special act,
 If such be *intra vires* as matter of fact,
 Or to be disallowed : if the " Jesuit Act
 Of Incorporation " be such as the laws
 Of the Empire permit. For if not, then their cause
 Is lost. But if so, then must *we* bend the knee
 To that Jesuit band—BY THEIR OWN POPE'S DECREE
 ABOLISHED FOREVER, a nuisance to both
 The state and church—though so terribly loath
 To do such a deed.

In this 19th age too,
 From many a state driven forth as the foe
 Of public well-being—their doctrines strike so
 At the root of allegiance, "SETTING UP 'GAINST THE STATE
 IN THE STATE'S OWN DOMAIN RIVAL LAW, AND FOR IT
 LIKE MEANS OF COERCION ASSERTING. BY WHICH

TO ENFORCE LIKE OBEDIENCE," IN STATE AS IN CHURCH.*

But their head, since a foreigner, how can HE be
Incorporate, in far away Italy,
AND ANOTHER KING'S VASSAL. Now, clearly, if HE
Cannot be incorporate, THEY cannot be ;
For he is the will-power, the mover, the soul
Of the framework material, controlling the whole,
To be *things* and not persons being their proper role.

But as soon as the ruling will utters the word,
Their vigour and subtlety quickly are proved ;
Then, like Summer bees, hither, thither they ply
Their several tasks, with a clear single eye
To the object designed, with devotion so rare
As no terror can daunt, and no misery scare.
Oh, that these high virtues, so ample we find
In these men, were but ranged on the side of mankind.

But incorporate such men, who know not *to-day*
The order *to-morrow* they may have to obey,
Which may be against what the Empire commands—
And remember we're here in a *foreigner's* hands,
Whose vassals these men are, bound body and soul
To him who wields o'er them supremest control,
And whose laws, as avowed, beyond all debate,
Are directly opposed to the laws of the State.
But though we incorporate them, it is *he*
We incorporate really ; *them* but formally.
For this in their souls long obedience instils
To be the *blind agents* to do as he wills.†
HE IS THE SOCIETY, they but the hands
To execute faithfully what he commands.

*Gladstone.

† I here append some maxims, written by the famous Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Jesuit Order, for the guidance of his followers: "I ought," writes he, "to desire to be ruled by a Superior who endeavors to SUBJUGATE MY JUDGMENT AND SUBDUE MY UNDERSTANDING." But "when it seems to me that I am commanded by my superior to do a thing against which MY CONSCIENCE REVOLTS as sinful, and my superior judges otherwise, it is my duty to yield my doubts to *him*, unless I am otherwise constrained by evident reasons" "If submission does not ease my conscience, I must impart my doubts to two or three persons of distinction, and *abide by their decision*," in doing what is so horrible that my own conscience *revolts* at it. "I ought to yield myself to be moulded in his (my superior's) hands, LIKE SO MUCH WAX." "I ought to be like a corpse which has NEITHER WILL NOR UNDERSTANDING, or like a small crucifix, which is turned about at the will of *him who holds it*, or like a staff in the hands of an old man, who uses it as may best assist or PLEASE HIM." And these are the men whom, with their frightful doctrine of *Probabilism* appended, we have incorporated, and given money to, to effect the ruin of our liberties and ourselves, Certainly, we are wise men. Oh, so wise !

Why incorporate these, then, who cannot fulfil
 The duties of man, since without a man's will ?
 And we cannot incorporate him, since to-day
 Another king's subject, whom he's bound to obey.

Still, on the broad basis of freedom, we say,
 That the Jesuits as individuals may
 Our Canada enter and enjoy all fair play,
 But be not made *incorporate and paid, too, to preach*
 The terrible doctrines they always do teach,
 So subversive of all ; while men who are true
 To the country and empire (who of Rouge as of Bleu
 Maintain the just claims) should yet be denied
 Incorporate rights ; while those who provide
 The gags for the lips, and the fetters for mind,
 Are incorporate here, as the friends of mankind.
 But it is our due fate, alas, that such things
 Be done in this land of political rings.

Nor must we expect much from England. Already
 With many vexed questions distracted, sighs she
 ' Your own affairs settle in any way, we
 ' Will therewith be content. We only ask peace,
 ' Hence that you from your squabbles in Canada cease.
 ' Then this we advise as the best all-round plan,
 ' That you patch up this matter the best way you can.
 ' And we trust that your Governor General is
 ' Open-eyed to our view, and will back us in this.'
 Such views plainly spoke might be held to degrade,
 Yet, unspoken, they're too much the dodge of the trade
 Of those who act for her. Yet we once had a Pym,
 A Hampden, a Cromwell—men able to swim
 Where their strong natures urged them, or with, or against
 The currents of things. By clear principles fenced
 Men gallant, strong-hearted, clear-headed, they knew
 How from the bad seeds of ill principles grew,
 And ever must grow, evil governments, such
 As are baleful alike to the State and the church,
 To incorporate Jesuits seemeth to me
 An act to which Cromwell would hardly agree
 In England or English land over the sea.
 ' Why, these are no subjects of ENGLAND at all
 ' But a *foreigner's vassals* at his beck and call,
 ' To make every man in the world his own thrall.'
 " We incorporate such ! Pray, is it because
 " They preach evermore 'gainst our good English laws ;
 " No, no, our good English lands must be free
 " And no law give its aid to their Jesuitry."

Who against disallowance *now* shout are the men—
 The solid French Catholic phalanx—who, when
 The New Brunswick Act had been passed and pronounced
 By the Court *intra vires*, were they who denounced
 This act of the *Province*, and would have it upset :
 While a “ *Liberal* ” government voted to let
 The question be argued in England, before
 The Queen’s privy council for judgment, yea more
 They *furnished the money* to have it put through.
 But then what are we but a “fanatic” crew !
 This makes all the difference whether it be
 They who the brunt bear of the ruling, or we.

And how in this case Sir John voted we know,
 And how Mr. Blake followed up with his blow,
 By influence elsewhere the means to provide
 The point of the measure to, so, turn aside,
 Not for or against it directly, but meant
 To overrule all, *since it caused “discontent,”*
 And this Jesuit thing, deems he *it* gives content ?
 Why not invoke here the Crown’s influence too,
 And not be a man with a one-sided view,
 But one who can look the whole thing through and through.
 And, when Minister of Justice, did not Mr. Blake*
 Send back to the State-Legislature to make
 The changes deemed needful in an act it had passed,
 Or even to have the whole measure recast.
 But a change has come over their dream in these days,
 And autonomy simply Reformers now praise ;
 Of course, if the Act passed lies outside their power
Ipsa facto ’tis dead from its very birth hour.
 Here no veto is needed, then ; but if it be
 One that clearly runs counter to *good policy*,
 Where the whole is concerned, where the general weal
 Demands of some special bad act the repeal,
 As disintegrating, insulting, and fraught
 With manifold mischief, it then surely *ought*
 To be disallowed.

’Twas “ STATE SOVEREIGNTY
 DISRUPTED THE UNION,” but profiting by
 Their fatal experience, our Lawmakers brought
 In the power of the veto, lest we, too, distraught
 Through like special madness, might equally try
 Our *separate* objects to gain by and by,
 So the veto was brought in *to guard against this*

*And yet what a magnificent patron of learning.

Very danger to-day which so threaten'ing is.

In "the B.N.A. Act" *no limit* is put
To the power of the Veto; no line sharply cut
The "Ultra" and "Intra" of power to divide,
Putting this within competence; that one, outside;
But the Federal Council's *left free* to decide
Whatever is best for the general weal;
If "Ultra" the power, to the "Court" an appeal
Would scuttle their Act *still-born at its birth*,
And so in the eye of the law of no worth.
Said Mr. Mackenzie, "the want of this power
"In the United States in a critical hour
"Was a great source of weakness." But "ample," thought he,
"Would be our protection with this guarantee,
"Which would ill-legislation effectively check,"
And prevent our Dominion becoming a wreck.
So spoke Sir John Rose, too: "This power, I believe,
"In the Federal Government's hand will achieve
"The success of the system." *But not a word said*
About "ultra" or "intra," by leaders or led.
And, where naught is excepted, the law of The Schools
Is this, opine, that the general rules.

So if intra vires, yet in harmony not
With the *general weal*; if defiant of what
Right impartial demands; if in any sphere
They only consult their own interests there,
Or what they deem such; and if drawing apart,
With smallest regard for the great pulsing heart
Of *this wide federation*, of which they're a part,
They deny an "ALL CANADA" compact is what
They hug to their hearts; if their purpose is not
An all-round Dominion; but a cherished romance
To build up "in this corner of Earth a new France,"
With "the Syllabus flambeau"—the Jesuit creed—
And the language of France; if for this they must weed
Out "the English and Scotch," as already they've done
In part, but must work till they leave of us none.
'Tis a beautiful prospect they mark as our fate,
If a foreigner's laws, with that foreigner's hate,
With power to *enforce* them, are what they propose
(And what *this* means their practice in past times foreshows)
As their end, it is certainly time we awake
From our *laissez faire* rubbish, and such measures take,
As may, backed by judgment and earnestness, cope
With this fooling of Jesuit priest and his Pope.

In Catholic France the Courts held and still hold
 That the Jesuit body cannot be enrolled
 As a corporate class. Nor am I aware
 That, except in Quebec, they have been anywhere,
 And why should they be, with no will of their own,
 But ruled everywhere by the will of the one,
 Whose will we know not, nor do they, hour by hour ;
 A Potentate foreign who uses his power
 'Gainst the rights of the world, as he ever has done—
 A centralized power one-idead upon
 The Throne of the intellect, conscience, and will
 Of his army of slaves, all his hests to fulfil ; *
 Whose unwritten laws are a secret unknown
 To any ; but from his own bosom alone
 To be launched any hour in the interests of Rome.
 And no matter what woes on the world they bring,
 If Rome's cause be advanced, will the Jesuit sing.

This property, it had been given at first
 For a specified end by Great Britain *in trust*,
 And accepted by Parliaments fully as such,
 And administered long so. But here we must blush,
 For 'twas "STOLEN" by us, we are told. But from whom ?
 From those who were then non-existent, whose doom
 Had been sealed by their Pope ? From the Jesuits ? When
 There no Jesuits were in the world—that wen
 On our civilization by him cut out clean,
 Root and branch, he had hoped ; but now grown out again.
 Why before Britain e'en interfered in the least
 The Jesuits in Canada had really ceased
 To exist, having been by their own pope suppressed ;
 When the crown, as is usual in such a case,
 Stepped properly into their now vacant place,
 And by a fine sense of its duty impelled
 This ownerless, derelict property held
 For the good of the country, to benefit those
 Who, though profited by it, are to-day her sworn foes.
 But the Jesuit body's a figment. When we

* Cardinal Newman would call this a *development*. But, if so, it is plainly a development BACKWARD. Just as the young free-swimming Ascidian, after a number of retrogressive changes, at length fixes itself to something in the muddy bottom of the water, and becomes a mere pouch for receiving and digesting, etc., whatever the water passing through it may happen to bring in or with it. Is there no analogy here ? No free swimming for the Romanist. He has only to accept and digest, but no free enquiry for him. His creed is found for him, not by him, and impassive he accepts it all. With him the young church has passed into the quiet of Ascidian senility.

Incorporate them *apparently*, we
 THEIR HEAD ONLY incorporate really.
 For they but the limbs are—the feet and the hands,—
 To execute what the great master commands.

PAP.

But by ROMAN CANON LAW all property which
 The Jesuits have lost falls back to the church ?

PRO.

But the rules that rule us their authority draw
 Not from foreign-made canons but *English-made* law,
 And just only conceive how forlorn the hope
 To get Catholic countries to return to the Pope
 The holdings of Jesuits, and such who have worked
 The highway of progress and thought to obstruct
 With their go-it-blind rubbish ; and, reserved in the wake,
 That knock 'em down argument, the rack and the stake.
 E'en the press of Sir John in old Kingston admits,
 In reviewing a late speech on the Jesuits,
 That what they demanded (and got) was a claim
 " *Nor legal nor moral*," and yet to our shame,
 The public is robbed to bestow it on those
 Who unfalteringly have been its deadliest foes
 Of liberty, progress and light ; who employ
 Their cunning all government-rights to destroy,
 To leave us exposed, should we dare to resist
 Their rule, to the will of the merciless priest.
 By what right do we then allow money to pay
 Those men whose designs are as clear as the day,
 Who are simply conspirators, just to employ
 The money we give them our rights to destroy.
 By cunning and force.

But, in Italy now

How many are they to the Pope's will who bow,
 Where the homage they once paid to him they now pay
 To the man of their choice, their king, to whose sway
 They are willingly subject. And France, what of it ?
 To name it a Catholic land is *scarce* fit.
 But Romanists see not things in the " dry light "
 Of fact, but as twisted and coloured to sight
 By prejudgment, and wishing to see things just so ;
 And thus—'tis so common—thoughts troublesome throw
 Into the great waste-paper basket of mind,
 Lest they, by straight looking, aught to startle them find.
 Still Rome's is the Catholic church, in despite
 Of the facts of the world—eternally right !—

And statistics prove nothing, for facts what are they,
Though they stand hard as granite to block up the way ;
In the Alembic of Rome they dissolve all away.

Romish schools state-endowed they demand as a right
Everywhere, but 'gainst this must the Patriot fight ;
For sectary schools so sustained are the blight
Of our civilization, which they can't abide,
Of our civilization ; but when was allowed
The Jesuit bill, with their purpose avowed
To work, might and main, to roll back the full tide
Into the dark night of those barbarous ages
So fully portrayed in the historical pages
Of Catholic writers—times of moral death,
But oft styled, euphemistically, " ages of faith,"
But if once 'tis allowed by Sir John and the rest,
'Twill be a hard fight, ere we're rid of the pest.

And now let me add toward the end of my theme,
What an Orangeman is ; for though he may seem
To many, a narrow-souled bigot, a dour,
Intolerant zealot, who, if he were sure
Of impunity for it, would under his heel
Stamp every Papist, and force him to feel
The sharp sting of power ; and such, 'tis allowed,
May exist ; but, if so, they are lost in the crowd
Of men who are bound by their pledge, and their creed,
And their love of fair play, to stand up, when the need
Exists of protection to freedom, to fight,
Whatever the creed of the man frankly for his right
To frankly avow it. This then is the faith
By his pledge he is bound to defend to the death.

But the Catholic creed obliges not so,
But the opposite wholly ; hence must he outgrow
The creed of his church, if he would not deny
The teaching of conscience and Christ ; and comply
With the code of our civilized life—the rich prize
Won at length from a cunningest tangle of lies.

Thus the one, by the laws of his conscience, is found
The foe of constraint ; while the other is bound,
By the law of his church, his own faith to enforce
By those methods to which she of old had recourse ;
Though the voice from within says, thou shalt not endorse
What thou can'st not believe. And, oh, what greater curse
Can the soul here endure, than the pangs of remorse,
When men deem they've deserted God's truth for a lie,
And are daily provoking his anger thereby.

In Romanist writings we commonly find
This phrase, which appeals to the Romanist mind,
That Rome's is the Catholic Church.

Yet we see
The PROTESTANT millions throughout Germany
And in England, and Scotland, and Sweden, and all
Those Northern countries which into line fall
With their protesting brothers. The United States, too,
Which to Protestantism has always been true,
While from Australasia to the Cape of Good Hope
The people are scarcely the friends of the Pope.
Then there's the *Greek* "Orthodox Church," with its hosts
Of millions on millions, which equally boasts
Her descent Apostolic, which none can gainsay ;
For 'twas hers from the earliest times to to-day.

Since apostasy has been foretold, then, and signs
To know it by writ in indelible lines,
And if Protestantism or Popery is
Such apostasy, should we not ask ourselves this,
To which church, to be known by, these signs here apply,
A thing hardly less clear than if writ on the sky.*

I return to Johnson, of whom in the van
Of the Orangemen's walk in New York, I began,
And whose principles prove them no narrowest clan,
Resolved to stir strife up between man and man,
But though in their lives we may find large defect,—
And what Christians are all in their conduct correct—
In their creed no wide christian much flaw can detect ;

* 1 Tim. IV : 1-8. "But the Spirit speaketh EXPRESSLY, that in later times some shall fall away from the faith... *forbidding to marry* [and commanding] to *abstain from meats* which God created to be received with thanksgiving... for every creature of God is good, and nothing to be rejected. If thou put the brethren in mind of THESE things, thou shalt be a good minister of Jesus Christbut *refuse profane and old wives fables, etc.*" Is this a *prophecy* or not? Is it not, too, USHERED IN WITH *great solemnity*—"the spirit speaks *expressly*," emphatically. And at the END, the words of exhortation, "If thou put the brethren in mind of THESE things, thou shalt be a *good minister*." Does this all mean nothing? Is it at all like Protestantism? But is it not Popery to the very life? Popery in its plainest *outward manifestation*, with "the profane and *old wives' fables*," in "the lives of the Saints," and the "bodily exercise" (v 8) all tagged on. Again "the time will come when . . . men will turn from the truth unto fables," and again, "evil men and seducers shall wax *worse and worse*."—2 Tim. III : 13 and IV : 3, 4.

For the Orangeman holds to no party or sect.*
 In church or in state; for most faiths alike fit
 His liberal mind. He's Conservative, Grit;
 Presbyterian, or Baptist, or High or Low Church,
 Or disciple of Wesley; for vainly we search
 For a creed of cast iron to cripple his soul,
 His being a faith that embraces the whole,
 So broad and elastic all find enough space,
 While there still may be room for the growth of the race.

Brave leader, brave men, may your valorous deed
 Live and burn in our hearts, till humanity freed
 From the whip of the Priest, we may look in the face
 Every problem of thought—the co-heirs with the race
 Of freedom unstinted—of all things on this earth
 The lordliest, richest, the best boon of our birth,
 Without which what could be of much real worth.

* I here extract a few lines from the "GENERAL DECLARATION" or Constitution of Orangemen, morally binding on every one of them. "The Orange society lays no claim to exclusive loyalty or exclusive Protestantism, . . . Disclaiming an intolerant spirit, the society demands as an indispensable qualification . . . that the candidate shall be deemed *incapable of persecuting or injuring any one on account of his religious opinions*; the duty of every Orangeman being to aid and defend *all* loyal subjects of *every* religious persuasion, in the enjoyment of their constitutional rights." "Maintaining religion without persecution or trenching on the rights of others."



In this my pamphlet (and I have plagiarised unblushingly) I simply draw a comparison between the old Christianity unfolded to our view in the New Testament, and the comparatively modern system of Romanism, grown up, as it is now, from small beginnings of errors, till it has culminated in what it is ; as Christ tells us, " while men *slept* the enemy sowed tares " ; or, as Peter says, " there shall be amongst you false teachers who *privily* shall bring in destructive heresies " ; or, as Paul says, " evil men and seducers shall wax *worse and worse*." But why multiply passages ?

I am far from wishing to wound the most sensitive Romanist, but only, by the clearest arguments, to win him from the horrible *system* in which he is so unhappily entangled. To injure any one, no matter what his creed, in mind or body, has no sanction from Christianity ; though the Roman church *in its practice and on principle* teaches that it has. I do not, however, say that there are not amongst ourselves some who have not, in spirit and in act, violated the tolerant spirit of Christianity. Indeed, I know the contrary. For men, unless held back by steady principle, will not always forbear from doing the kind of wrong I refer to, when they know the fearfully dangerous and avowed principles by which their opponents are governed. But this should be always borne in mind, that, in such occasional spurts of intolerance, the one party is acting in direct opposition to the very constitutional principles that are instituted to govern their actions ; while the other party is not restrained, but the contrary, by like principles. And this constitutes a very radical difference, indeed.

